

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

March, 1950

The People's Business

► THE TERM "NATIONALIZATION" as applied to state control of industries is a somewhat fluid process, for there have been various adaptations. Among the issues of the recent British general election was a modified nationalization of industrial insurance by mutualization. In other words the policyholders will benefit from the profits—or the premium rates will be correspondingly reduced—instead of these profits going to stockholders. It would appear, too, that the scheme would include a revision of executive salaries to make them more in line with scales for far greater ability in the civil service, and no doubt some supervision designed to prevent exploitation of agents; and it may be said here that, though at least one-third of the premiums never come back to the policyholders, industrial, or the poor man's insurance, is not quite the "racket" in Great Britain that many consider it to be in the United States and Canada, for the companies have been subject to far greater competition by the co-operatives and friendly societies, most of which are mutual in truth, not by legal fiction. The case for nationalization, as I see it, is the broad principle that prime human needs and public services should not be operated on a profit basis. Restricting the following analysis to American and Canadian life insurance, I will outline the main abuses of company practice and policy.

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George Orwell

► GEORGE ORWELL, whose real name was Eric Blair, died recently of tuberculosis while still in his forties. His background was public-school upper-middle class English society—or, at any rate, a career in that class was certainly open to him. He saw service with the Imperial army in Burma, and was not encouraged by what he saw of imperialism. In politics he drifted far to the left of communism, and took part in the Spanish war in an anarchist brigade. He was thus an anti-Stalinist revolutionary, but there was never anything in him of the "god that failed" bluster of the communist converts who despise those who have never been taken in by communism almost as much as they do the communists.

His earlier books, which have been recently republished, are notable for a certain candid simplicity rather than for any more distinctive qualities. A savage story with a Burmese setting is one of them, and a straightforward

account of what it feels like to be a hobo in London and Paris is another. He began to become well known with

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DESIGN FOR THE NEW CANADIAN NICKEL

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a brilliant collection of critical essays, *Dickens, Dali and Others*, where he showed ability as a kind of literary sociologist. He saw clearly how art and literature grow out of human life; he saw the importance of both popular and high-brow art, and he understood how a split between popularity and good taste is unhealthy for both. Then came his brilliant satire on Russia, *Animal Farm*, with its wonderful touches of wit like the slogan: "All men are equal, but some are more equal than others". This satire gave him fame, but his essential point, that the Stalinist tyranny is a mere continuation of the Czarist one, is made a little too neatly, and one feels that what he really has to say cannot be contained within pure satire.

His last book, *1984*, was written under the shadow of death. There was on the one hand a compulsion to finish it; on the other, perhaps, a feeling that after flinging a book like this into the public face anything further would be an anticlimax. For *1984* is a very wonderful novel, one of the greatest the twentieth century has yet produced, and, again, great by reason of its utter simplicity. He wrote the novel that so many of us have wanted to write or see written, simply because he had the courage to look the present world straight in the face and the ability to set down what he saw

there without panic or any desire to moralize. He had written the *Inferno* of the twentieth century, and however inferior he may be to Dante in all literary respects, he excels him in one point: his hell is a real hell, a dreadful state of torment that could last forever and yet is potentially here now.

It is a great mistake to read the book as entirely, or even primarily, a satire on Russian communism. Communist features fill the foreground of the book, and communism takes its rightful place in the world's contemporary evil, which is well up front. But what Orwell had the courage to see is that, as communism is simply the entrenched tyranny of a small ruling class, its interests are identical with those forces within the democracies which make for oligarchic dictatorship. To agree with Russia not to use atomic bombs could under certain circumstances be worse than blowing the world to pieces, and for good. That would only be death, and Orwell is talking about hell. The terrible vision he gives of the world divided into three great powers, none able or willing to conquer one another, engaged in a form of permanent war just bad enough to cause misery and yet not bad enough ever to end that misery—that is the threat we have to look in the face first, as Dante had to sound the depths of evil and treachery before he could reach the mountain of improvement.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

Vol. 5, No. 54, March, 1925, *The Canadian Forum*.

The Speech from the Throne and the ensuing debate seem to indicate a sad case of stagnation in Dominion affairs. With the exception of Mr. Micawber King, who is still optimistically waiting for something to turn up, and Mr. Low, who blandly denies even that necessity, our statesmen are agreed that things are in rather a bad way. Our national debt is increasing, we have over a hundred thousand unemployed (forty thousand more than at the same season last year), and in spite of high wheat prices our farmers are not yet making ends meet. To confront this situation, the Liberal Party puts forward a platform of masterly inactivity, and says in effect: "If we are sinking in an economic bog let us subside like gentlemen, in a sedate, safe, and sane fashion without any ill-bred struggles." So we are to have no more tariff changes, the unemployment problem is to be left severely alone, and even the dear old Senate is to be allowed to slumber undisturbed for the present. It might be stated as a political axiom that once a Liberal adopts a "wait and see" policy he ceases to be a Liberal in any real sense of the word.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Ah! Bombs . . .

The explosive force in the common bean was isolated sometime somewhere in the northern hemisphere. This encouraged the economically dispossessed of the earth, for production was simplicity itself. A new industrial revolution seemed imminent, but disagreement arose over distribution of the proceeds. Decision was easier to postpone than to make, so the national energy was devoted in the meantime to preventing another nation discovering the secret. Beans were declared of strategic value and stock-piling began. Pacifist organizations viewed with alarm and circulated petitions. Intellectuals on the lunatic fringe stayed there baying helplessly. Enterprising patriots began making money.

Just as the situation seemed in the bag, the news broke that a neighboring nation had beans of its own for which they claimed improved flavor. This set the competitive pot bubbling furiously and out they spilled on both sides, bigger if not better beans. In such days of high excitement and increased newspaper circulation no one could foresee the end, but end it did. With the drollery of her kind, a stout woman illicitly gorging herself on contraband beans-with-black-bread exploded the high-seriousness of the situation. She hiccupped. In the chain reaction that resulted one-third of the world entirely disappeared. Only rice-eaters and papaya-broilers escaped the holocaust.

Thereafter the earth lurched lopsidedly around its axis, confirming an absurdity philosophers always had suspected. The surviving two-thirds of the people on the planet soon grew accustomed to the erratic motion, in fact, they rather came to like it. So it was explained to their children in a curious tale of two giants with heavy hands and small heads who quarrelled over a bean-stalk that belonged to neither of them.

Colombo Conference

The statement issued at the end of the Commonwealth Conference at Colombo in January reported "a substantial community of outlook of all countries represented there." The conference was in agreement upon the need for economic reconstruction in the new Asiatic Dominions. Indeed, the discussion of this problem was the main work of the conference. It was based upon recognition that a military security pact in the Pacific, with military aid to the Asiatic Dominions, could not at the present mitigate the danger of communism in that area. The conference also agreed that there need be no inconsistency between the policy followed by the United Kingdom in Western Europe and her traditional links and obligations as a member of the Commonwealth. It is to be hoped that this agreement will allow a more positive British policy in Western Europe.

The conference drafted recommendations for the economic development in South East Asia, including the establishment of a permanent consultative committee. This committee is to work out a development program based upon the pooling of technicians and money. What will come of this proposal remains to be seen but it is recognized by Commonwealth officials that the economic problems of the region can be solved only with the co-operation and assistance of the United States.

Canada's participation in schemes for Commonwealth economic co-operation in the Asiatic Dominions will, in all likelihood, be limited. But we should not allow our "dollar shortage" to prevent us from examining closely all possible methods of assistance. The Colombo Conference has also demonstrated a new value of the Commonwealth tie to Canada. It is today turning our eyes toward Asia. It provides a foundation upon which a Canadian Far Eastern policy can be built. We sincerely hope that membership in the Commonwealth will mean Canadian participation in constructive co-operation for peace and not merely the voicing of sentiments. The Commonwealth must now prove its worth in a time of peace and not, as in the past, only in a time of war.

Two Notes on Farm Price Support

The Farm View . . .

Those people who take a critical attitude toward the use of government funds in maintaining certain price levels for agricultural products do so because they either don't understand or don't want to understand two things. The first is the reason for farm price support, and the second is the relatively microscopic size of the tax burden involved in support financing. If they could or would understand these elements of the problem they would readily recognize the necessity for some kind of price support program as a permanent feature of government policy.

The maintenance of national economic stability requires a balance between the earning power of the farmer and that of the industrially-employed consumer. The earning power of the latter has been steadily rising during the past few years, and this rise is reflected, of course, in the price of the manufactured goods which he produces, and which the farmer must buy. The income of the farmer, on the other hand, has not enjoyed any such improvement. Statistics supplied by the Dominion Government clearly indicate this. Some idea of the disparity between farm and consumer incomes is shown by the fact that one hour's labor by the average industrial worker will today buy more cheese, bacon and eggs than at any time since 1913. It buys, in fact 68 per cent more eggs than it did in the base period of 1925-29.

It is quite obvious that unless farm income is maintained at a point relatively in line with that of the industrial consumer the latter is bound sooner or later to lose his biggest market for manufactured goods. A decline in farm income will result in a general decline in national prosperity, in wage reductions and in widespread unemployment.

The solution is, of course, some form of hedging against this decline in farm income, and this is achieved, in part at least, through the technique of farm price support. It is not as expensive as many of its critics would suppose. It consists very largely in a policy of buying up surplus commodities in seasons of plentiful supply and selling them back to the trade in the off season—in other words assuming a risk that the individual farmer is unable to assume.

Up until the present price support payments have cost the Canadian taxpayer 15 cents per capita each year. Against the \$25 per capita tax on the liquor and beer consumed, and the \$25 tax paid in customs duties—for the protection of Canada's manufacturing industries—surely the 15 cents paid for the protection of Canadian agriculture is not too large a

price to ask for the maintenance of full employment and prosperity?

The Labor View . . .

Canadian farmers are vociferous folk under ordinary circumstances. Right now they are fighting mad and everyone is hearing about it. Having achieved some degree of security after years of low prices, they seem again to be finding themselves back where they were when the war broke out. In a world of starving millions, they fail to see why prices and markets should melt away like springtime snows. Moreover, the government they helped elect promised them good, strong markets for years to come. Opposition spokesmen, not to say the British government, foretold what has come to pass, but Cassandra-like their predictions went unheeded.

This is not just the farmer's problem. On the surface the city worker would seem to be the beneficiary of lower prices. Ham and eggs are cheaper now. But the deflation which has hit farm prices may go further and knock the props from under jobs and wages. The farmers of Canada are, after all, a very important part of the domestic market; they are consumers as well as producers. The mutuality of interest between farmers and labor is more than a pious expression. It is a hard economic fact.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the organized farmers' demand for price support is bound to receive the support of organized labor. Labor's long-range interests—and short-range as well, for that matter—demand a relationship of good wages for city workers and a good return to the farmer for his produce. The strong political pressure which the farm organizations are now exerting on the government should be augmented by labor support. Already one of the trade union congresses has made offers of inter-organizational co-operation, transcending the usual convention resolutions which remain embalmed in the proceedings. It will be a pity if the farmers collectively disregard them, but whether they do or not the likelihood is that farmers and workers are going to find themselves on the same side of the fence on price supports.

"The Quality of Mercy . . ."

On January 24, a slim little brief was submitted to Premier Frost of Ontario by the Association for Civil Liberties (Toronto) in co-operation with 49 other councils and committees. It contained an appealing plea for legislative action to deal with some of the worse forms of racial and religious discrimination experienced in that province. The very briefness of this submission should encourage Mr. Frost to study it. The persuasive simplicity with which it states its case should encourage legislative action. The impressive list of organizations supporting it should ensure its passage.

The brief calls for a law to combat discrimination in employment, housing and public places . . . factors not within the scope of the Ontario Racial Discrimination Act of 1944. It points out that experience has proven the efficacy of legislation in fighting intolerance. (Since 1945, the New York Commission Against Discrimination has arbitrated thousands of cases, found it necessary to prosecute only once.) It emphasizes that such legislation must go hand in hand with education and asks for a program to teach children the importance of living in harmony and fellowship with others.

One can think of a good many provinces besides Ontario where such legislation is urgently needed. There is not a Canadian who by virtue of his color, race, religion or nationality does not belong to a minority group. One can only hope that Premier Frost and the Ontario Legislature will be sufficiently aroused to take prompt action on a piece of

legislation which will open yet one more freedom to the hundreds whose suffering is all the greater, because it must be silent.

For all the Saints . . .

The late Salem Bland exemplified in extraordinary measure the Christian virtues of kindness and courage. His love of humankind and his personal gentleness were matched by implacable hatred of social injustice and a tireless intrepidity in opposing it. In his long lifetime he had to bear both physical pain and the stings reserved for those who, in a supposedly Christian civilization, presume to take the teachings of Jesus literally and to apply them to the modern world.

An ordained minister of the gospel, he soon found himself at odds with the manner in which certain sections of official Christianity were fulfilling, or failing to fulfil, what he conceived to be their obligations. Nevertheless, he found it possible to continue his exposition and practise of Christian principles within the official orbit, though in a different branch, of the Church. Through his writings he extended his influence to a much wider audience, some in greater, some perhaps in less, need of his message than many within the Church's ranks.

He lent his support fearlessly to any cause he believed to be directed towards human betterment, making allowance, in his strong belief in the power of love, for the imperfection and weakness of the human instrument, and trusting that the gold would ultimately emerge untarnished by the dross. He belonged to the company of the saints, of whose aid we may perhaps stand in more need than we recognize in these troublous times, and whose vision and courage may prove a more practical signpost to salvation than the counsel of statesmen ridden by fear and vindictiveness.

Salem Bland will continue to live in the hearts and lives of the many who have been inspired by his words and his example. Those who had not the good fortune to know him in the flesh may still catch a glimpse of the fire and pity which burned in his frail body in the noble portrait of him by Lawren Harris which graces the permanent collection in Toronto's art gallery.

THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS—Continued

Business is business, of course, and while the profit motive remains the mainspring of private enterprise we can look for huge returns on investment in the life insurance business even more than elsewhere, for government inspection tends to prevent the possibility of loss while in no practical sense restricting the amount of gain. Two of the largest Canadian companies, for example, had an initial capitalization of \$50,000 and \$45,013, and in twenty years, 1923-1942, both had shareholders' dividends, bonuses, or undivided profits in excess of \$1,250,000.¹

The concentration of economic power in insurance companies and interlocking directorates, as well as by the self-perpetuation of both directors and executives, has been called "a national menace" by qualified impartial observers; and what some might call the "curious coincidence" that one of the largest Canadian companies has had as president three generations of one family is neither curious nor a

¹The reader who desires the most authentic source should consult *Investigation of Concentration of Economic Power. Study of Legal Reserve Life Insurance Companies.* (Report of a select committee of the Congress of the United States, Washington, 1940.) This comprehensive study formed one of the main sources of the author's book, *Life Insurance without Exploitation*, published in 1946 by the Hess Trade Typesetting Company, 150 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.

coincidence. It would seem, rather, that insurance executives, as someone has said, have an infallible eugenic patent, and that in addition their children know how to choose their parents.

It is recognized by impartial analysts—for example, in the Dominion Income Tax offices—that “mutual” companies are only fictionally mutual, the profits going largely in higher salaries to executives. In Canada such salaries are kept secret, but in the United States, where they have to be published by law, the highest eighty executives in ten large companies, largely “mutual,” totalled \$3,492,627, which was so far in excess of the President of the United States, his Cabinet, and key civil servants that it bore no comparison².

The researches and sworn evidence of the Congressional Committee show that instead of a vaunted competition among Canadian and American companies there is a virtual monopoly, with rates and practices fixed by collusion and the records of meetings destroyed. The only real competition is found to be among the mass of agents and underwriters to secure business and a livelihood. While corruption is obviously hard to trace, the Committee found evidence of huge sums expended to defeat inspection and investigation or control appointments of superintendents who might be supposed to lessen abuses.

Excessive premium rates which do not take into account the great improvement in public health and the enormously lower death rate form a basic abuse. To this is added the refusal of almost all companies to sell renewal term insurance, the only practicable pure protection type, because it is comparatively unprofitable. Instead, by allegedly combining savings and insurance, the premium cost runs up to ten times the clear protection rate. By these expensive rates, “paid-up” insurance, etc., the beneficiary not only loses all the “savings” that the insured and his widow thought he was accumulating, but actually they relieve the company of paying a large part of the face of the policy when he dies!

Closely related is an extortionate rate of interest on policyholders’ loans on the policies’ so-called “cash value” or “your own money.” This and the high premiums lead to the enormous lapse rates which in some years have exceeded new business. A ten-year average reported by the Superintendent of Insurance for Canada was seventy-seven per cent. This has been called “a national scandal” and would be a severe indictment of company life insurance even if no other existed.

A great part of the lapse rate falls upon those who can least bear it—the poor man and his industrial insurance. Here the evils of high-pressure salesmanship with its tricks, gags, and wisecracks are most evident, and here too the premium rates are approximately twice those in “regular” insurance. But, of course, as the president of a large company said in evidence before the Congressional Committee, it is perfectly natural, “The poor man pays twice as much for almost anything in this world!”

Misrepresentation in advertising is common enough, but it is even more vicious when relating to the unfortunate contingency called death. Numerous examples might be quoted, but here is one that was widely circulated as a pictograph purporting to illustrate the fate of 10,000 policyholders. The reader is misled into supposing that all of them died at one time or another and that their beneficiaries received the full face of their policies, but the truth would be, according to the Superintendent of Insurance, that 8,300 would long since have lapsed or surrendered their policies,

while only 1,700 would die or reach some other maturity of their policies before they terminated by lapse or surrender. Huge profits accrue to the companies as a result, but the average reader would never imagine it if he relied upon this misleading pictograph in company propaganda.

Somewhat related to misrepresentation and even more insidious is the employment of the Bible and other religious means to sell insurance. It will be sufficient to name merely two of the more notorious: “Bless this house O Lord we pray” and “I pray the Lord my soul to keep”—both accompanied, of course, by the most pious illustrations and sentiments.

Many of the best minds of Canada have given deep thought to the problem under discussion but perhaps no better analyst could be quoted than the late Britton B. Osler, as famous a legal counsel as our nation has produced. In one of his greatest cases he said:

“Insurance is only a good thing for unexpected deaths. There is nothing in it for you and me if we live our lives out. The big buildings, the costly offices, the well-paid managers, the countless agents—all have to live out of the premiums which are paid by you and me . . . and if at the end of five years you want to sell you cannot get more than half what you paid in.”

In a nutshell he gives the prime justification of protection insurance and exposes the fallacy of the so-called “savings-and-investment”—for other people’s profit; and, though it was not an issue in Osler’s day, he has summed up in favor of nationalization, of the provision of protection at cost.

A notable result of nationalized life insurance as part of a wide scheme of social security would be its universal coverage. Whether it be in some measure contributory, or solely at state expense, the very citizens who need protection most and are now precluded from it—the medically unfit—would be covered in the large group without the medical examination by which the companies select their risks while continuing to base their rates on mortality tables not only antiquated but based upon all types of people, fit and unfit. All who believe that they are in any sense their brother’s keeper will consider this one of the finest arguments for universal state coverage.

There may be better means than actually taking over the management of the companies. Primarily, the state should



²See Abraham Epstein, “The Insurance Racket,” *American Mercury*, September, 1930.

provide a minimum of insurance for all, and by other social security legislation make the need for large amounts of it less and less. In this field of economics we are on safe ground if we adopt the principles of the great apostle of the New Deal, who said: "The measure of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much, but whether we provide enough for those who have little."

EDWIN C. GUILLET

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► I WONDER IF THE CANADIAN popular press goes in for astrology, horoscopes and "What the Stars Foretell" columns to the same extent as ours. I have great fun every week with that great paper *News of the World*, which warns me—and four million or so others born in the same month—against impending difficulties, announces forthcoming pleasures or notifies me of an uneventful week. I get my fun from reading the column on the Sunday after publication. It is entertaining at the end of a week when my housecoat caught fire and I was all but incinerated, when the power failed at the office, the tape machines died on us and we had to dream up the news in the dark for ourselves, when my editor came to dinner and I cooked for the first time a dish learnt in France which was an event in itself—it is entertaining afterwards to read that it was to have been an uneventful week. On the other hand, it is not much of an advertisement for the fortune-tellers.

I recommend the method to the American colleagues who have come to report our election campaign. One of them said quite bluntly in a radio interview that, in the United States Presidential election, he had studied all the press forecasts and public opinion polls, based his forecast on them and been hopelessly wrong. Accordingly, he was going to study similar sources here, forecast just the opposite of their conclusions and expect to be right this time. Well, it is nice to know that if he really means what he says, at least one of America's leading commentators is going to forecast a Labor victory. If only someone had done that last time, the Americans might not have been so hurt with us for sending Mr. Churchill into opposition.

In our parliamentary system the office of Leader of the Opposition is a not unrewarding one. Apart from the purely financial remuneration, the office carries prestige inside and outside the House and has enormous publicity value. It allows to the witty and imaginative critic scope which is of necessity denied to the responsible leader of the Government. It is also much easier, for criticism of any Government measure does not in itself require the Opposition to state what it would do on the given subject.

The Opposition's criticism in the last few months of Parliament was largely focussed on the Government's being a Government at all. The Tories contended—in the teeth of the evidence of by-elections—that Labor had outrun its mandate. This was the theme of many resounding speeches, illustrating the age-old truth that empty theories make the most noise. So long as the Government declined to go to the country, the flimsiness of Opposition argument could be stiffened, if not with the steel of commonsense, at least with the buckram of bombast. Accusations of indifference to the public will and of obstinately clinging to power make effective headlines in a press which is nine-tenths Tory.

Once the Government decides on a dissolution, however, the Opposition is suddenly called on to say precisely what it would do on all the problems that beset us. And it is quite clear from the election manifestoes and addresses and broad-

casts that neither the Tories nor the Liberals know *precisely* what they would do. They inveigh against controls and planned economy and bulk buying, yet in the election address on my desk the local Conservative candidate promises: "We shall plan more closely with the Dominions about food production, trade and defence." They are determined to reduce reckless Government spending, yet the Liberal manifesto promises equal pay for men and women civil servants, a policy which Labor has refrained from implementing solely on the ground that the country simply can't afford it.

Wherever there is informed public opinion, the Opposition is on the defensive—and buckram makes poor armor. The attack, such as it is, on the Government for having carried out all its election pledges, would seem to carry an implicit undertaking that the Tories would do no such thing. They barely tilt a lance at the failures of foreign and domestic policy—one has only to remember Palestine and the paralysing strikes of miners, dockers and meat porters—but save their sabre-rattling for the Liberals, for daring to stand as a separate party.

It is not easy to gauge the force of this boomerang, but boomerang it surely is. Some of the anti-socialist floating vote which might have gone to the Tories will certainly react to Tory contempt by voting Liberal. The splitting of the anti-Socialist vote is bound to benefit Labor. The prospects of another Labor Government have also been considerably improved by the heart-warming broadcasts of Priestley, Webb, Morrison and Griffiths and almost as much by the chilling utterances of Churchill. Labor's speakers have brought to their broadcasts that essential something more than the record of achievement—the glow of faith. Labor *believes* in Britain. Does Britain still believe in Labor?

I have now edged myself into the realm of prognostication, in the full knowledge that anything I write now will have been proved right or wrong long before it appears in print. To add to the hazards of prophecy, the Tories may have a stunt up their sleeves. More possibly, the Russians may make some major move for the purpose of discrediting British Labor. The Communists may win just enough votes in some places to keep Labor out. Really bad weather on polling day could lose Labor many marginal constituencies. But barring accidents I believe that Labor will be returned to power again, with its over-all majority severely reduced, however, perhaps to as little as twenty. If it is very much more than that, the joke will be on me and you are welcome to laugh. If it is very much less, it will be no joke for any of us.

London, England, February 9, 1950

French Socialists Withdraw

Patricia van der Esch

► THE PRESENT DEFECTION of the French Socialist ministers from the Bidault Government is an interesting political tactic which should be studied by Socialists in other countries.

The story behind the present decision of the French Socialist party began last November. At that time the Government decreed that a subsidy of 3,000 francs be paid to every Frenchman who earned less than 15,000 francs a month. In December the Communists brought in a resolution to augment all wages by 3,000 francs for a second month which was voted against by the Socialists as well as the Mouvement Républicain Populaire (M.R.P.). In January trade unions throughout France agitated for another subsidy and the Communists again tried to pass their resolution in the National Assembly.

At this point, the Socialists drew up their own resolution to the effect that the lowest income groups should receive a subsidy for the month of January. The Government, after much discussion, finally decided to give 3,000 francs subsidy to those earning less than 14,000 francs a month and a progressively smaller subsidy to those earning between 14,000 and 18,000 francs. The Socialists, however, wanted all income groups below 15,000 to receive the full subsidy and a progressive subsidy to be given to incomes up to 20,000 francs. Thus the difference of opinion arose.

Monsieur Blum writes in the Socialist organ *Le Populaire* that the departure of the Socialist ministers "does not cause either a modification or a rupture of the majority (i.e. Socialist-M.R.P. coalition). A Socialist group in Parliament is not restricted to the alternative: participation or opposition . . . We only ask that the Bidault Government continues without the Socialists." This means that the 98 Socialist deputies will continue to support the Government but will not participate in it as a protest against the lowering of the recommended wage subsidy.

Monsieur Bidault's new Government will be the first one since the liberation in which the Socialists, who received 14 per cent of the vote in the 1946 elections, have not participated. This is certainly not a suitable basis for government but there has been no real stability in France since Queuille's departure last summer. It was fairly evident that the main function of the first Bidault government was to pass the budget.

Now that France has a budget, the Socialists feel themselves free to take more independent action. They contemplated retiring from the Government for several months and the question of the amount of the subsidy has now given them the necessary excuse. This move will undoubtedly regain for them some of the support previously lost to the Communists who have been in opposition to the Government since April, 1947. It also releases them from direct complicity in French policy in Viet Nam.

To return to Blum's formula: is there an alternative to Socialist participation in, or opposition to, a government? In France, where the very number of political parties makes coalition government necessary and where the doctrinal basis of each party is therefore not rigidly drawn, it can be argued that there is an alternative course which the French Socialists have now taken. It must be remembered that Socialization of the economy in Europe has gone much further than in Canada or the United States, and although much more may still be done in this respect, the issue of socialization of basic public utilities such as transport, electricity and gas is no longer a controversial political issue. Even the Conservative Party in England admits that it would not rescind the measures taken in this direction by Labor.

The position is, therefore, that the French Socialists are continuing to function as a "third force," creating a balance between the Communists on the left and the M.R.P. and the R.P.F. on the right while at the same time they can now build up an opposition platform which will be advantageous in the next elections.

The argument against non-participation in the Cabinet while still supporting a right-wing government is, of course, that it is a compromise. In a country like Canada where nationalisation even of the main public utilities is still an issue, such a compromise would be almost out of the question. For the French Socialists, however, it is less of a compromise than their previous position of participation in the Government, and it may serve to warn the M.R.P. that the slight drift to the right which has been evident for the last few months must stop. In any case, it is a novel political tactic and the result of the French experiment must be closely watched.

Paris, February 6, 1950.

The CCF Press

John Smith

► FROM BIRTH, THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH FEDERATION has kept up an unrelenting attack on the capitalist press. This is odd, in one way, because the C.C.F. would be nowhere today if it had not been for the publicity it has received from this same press, contemptible as it may be. But the newspaper barons have pursued with fairly consistent success their two objectives—to make money and to preserve the economic and political privileges of themselves and their friends. In the face of such success the C.C.F. should talk!

I say that the time is overdue for the C.C.F. to take a recess from its criticisms of the capitalist press and use the time to stand far back for a careful scrutiny of its own press. Has it been as successful in pursuing its objectives?

The C.C.F. now has two weeklies—the *News*, in B.C. and the *Commonwealth*, in Saskatchewan; other C.C.F. papers which appear less frequently are the *Commonwealths*, in Manitoba and the Maritimes; the *News*, in Ontario, the *People's Weekly*, in Alberta, and a small French-language paper in Quebec. There are also two small national-office publications. Most of the foregoing use the Co-operative Press Association (CPA) through which they exchange news with each other by mail and receive news from its bureau in Ottawa.

The impression one gains from these papers is that the founders of each section of the C.C.F. had merely said, "Let's start a newspaper." It is not recorded whether any one asked, "Why?" Nor whether it was necessary for any of his colleagues to sputter, "Why, indeed! Doesn't every movement need a paper? The capitalist press is distorting our words, saying nasty things about us, or, worse, failing to report our speeches. We've got to get our message across." Probably there was no one to venture a faltering, "Across to whom?"

Perhaps such questions really were beside the point in those pioneer days; perhaps the all-important thing was to get a paper started—any sort of paper. But even so, the time has come when they are very pertinent indeed. The C.C.F. has a vast and costly task ahead of it in the next three years. Its war chest will not permit any expenditures which have the slightest taint of wastefulness about them. The margin between victory and defeat may depend upon its getting full value in its purchases of radio time and printing.

And so I ask, in what proportions should a C.C.F. newspaper provide a medium for general news, economic news, political news, controversy, entertainment, education, and official party opinion? In what proportion should it inspire, instruct, or provoke thought? Should it be designed to bring outsiders into the C.C.F. or to make better C.C.F.'ers of those who are already members or supporters? Why cannot all of these functions be performed in the one newspaper, letting the proportions be dictated by the need of the moment? Yet experience, in my opinion, is showing that this cannot be. For a party which has such a hard-headed approach to economic and social problems, the C.C.F. has shown a strange reluctance to face the facts of newspaper life. I think one of the main reasons for this is that the party's leaders have too jealously retained all press policy as their sole prerogative.

They do not understand that there are two distinct parts to what they vaguely term newspaper "policy." One has to do with the opinions to be expressed in editorials and how the remainder of the newspaper's contents will be slanted. The other has to do with publication problems which goes

have been, in effect, frozen at their pre-inflation level. problem—what corporate set-up will bring the best results? There is circulation—at what type of reader should the newspaper be aimed, and what methods should be used for reaching him? There is advertising—what is the maximum expectancy, so that other forms of revenue shall be adjusted realistically? There is the editing—what type of material and what treatment will appeal to the particular readership desired?

No one would question the right of a democratic organization to control the first part, namely, the political "direction" in which the newspaper is to travel, and to hire and fire the people who are to steer the publication.

No one would question the right of the organization to keep control of the second part of newspaper policy, either, but most experienced newspapermen would question the advisability. Anti-socialist newspaper owners seem to find no difficulty in keeping control of the editorial direction of their newspapers, even when they have socialists doing the actual work. Surely socialist owners, with socialist employees, should have no difficulty.

Why, then, does not the C.C.F. delegate more responsibility to those who put out its newspapers? For one thing, there seems to be a contempt of, or, at best, a lack of respect for the technical knowledge of the newspaperman. The reasoning is that because the usual product of that technical ability is abhorrent to the C.C.F.'er, the ability itself is something to be regarded warily. Another and even less creditable reason is that each faction in the party is afraid that he will slant the paper in favor of one of the other factions.

Most of this discussion is academic because most of the papers are lucky to keep in publication at all, without bothering about such niceties as division of powers. Most of the papers are edited in spare time, and the task is thankless and heartbreaking. Why, then, do the editors not complain? Because they feel humble in the presence of so much blood, sweat, and tears as are expended by the rank and file in an effort to keep the struggling paper alive at all. Nevertheless, most of them must occasionally say to themselves, "Is all this necessary? Surely there must be an easier way."

Of the eight C.C.F. papers, only one, the *Saskatchewan Commonwealth*, has made any effort to publish material that has no political significance. All of the others make no bones about being political papers, and each announces with pride (perhaps bravado) that it is the official organ of its particular section of the C.C.F.

Hearken to the story of the birds and bees, newspaper version.

(1) It is almost impossible for any weekly newspaper to be self-supporting without "national" advertising. (2) By common consent, and because they are bulldozed by the advertising agencies, national advertisers buy space only in newspapers which are members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. (3) Political papers, especially party organs, are ineligible for membership in the C.W.N.A.

I'll admit that a few national advertisers are sold space in certain C.C.F. newspapers, but only in provinces where the C.C.F. is not an immediate political threat. The *Saskatchewan Commonwealth* and the *C.C.F. News* in B.C. get precious little.

What is the outlook for other advertising? Truth is that readers of each paper are scattered over a whole province, and unless he is concentrating on a mail-order business, the merchant cannot afford to continue indefinitely what amounts to good-will advertising.

In the face of this situation the C.C.F. newspapers depend almost entirely on subscription fees, and these fees, because

they are under the control of a democratic organization, much farther than printing. There is the administrative

The circulations of these papers are almost entirely by subscription and mail. News vendors find it unprofitable to handle them on their stands. My own estimate is that for a completely political paper, 20,000 subscribers is an excellent accomplishment in any province of 1,000,000 population, and I can see little assurance that it will ever be surpassed in our lifetime.

Indeed, even this figure would not be possible but for the persistent efforts of hundreds of the party's doorbell ringers. This set-up is one to make any circulation manager rhapsodize—a volunteer sales organization working for you 365 days and nights of the year. Yet what advantage is the circulation you get in this way? Because it comes through a political organization, your paper must therefore be a political paper and it is not eligible for the most remunerative advertising.

Why, then, do these papers not give up the struggle? Because of several contributions they make to the movement. Belief in the value of these reasons is deeply rooted in the traditions of the party.

A certain type of supporter cannot be held indefinitely by mere attendance at meetings and lectures; he wants to "do something about it," and a natural outlet for such energy is canvassing. Here, it must be admitted, the newspaper has a real function.

What of the movement's self-criticism? The type of criticism which appears in non-C.C.F. publications (*The Canadian Forum* excepted) is generally so far removed from reality that it has no bearing at all on the task of building social democracy within Canada's political climate. This makes it all the more vital that a medium be provided in which the problems of the C.C.F. may be debated rationally.

Why, then, do C.C.F. editors not bid for the type of article which Frank Underhill occasionally writes for *The Canadian Forum*? The answer is simple: the editors know that such critical contributions will be pounced upon by the opposition press and magnified in an attempt to make the differences of opinion appear to be widespread party revolts. Is this fear justified? We find negative evidence in the recent controversy in the *C.C.F. News* (B.C.) on the subject, "Why We Lost the Federal Election." This caused only a minor flurry. But on the other side was the recent exchange in the *Saskatchewan Commonwealth* as to whether the C.C.F. in that province had gone too far with its labor legislation. The *Sifton* press inflated this into a class conflict—trade unionist versus farmer—and it would be senseless to claim that no damage was done.

Yes, I'd say that the evidence is strongly against the washing of dirty C.C.F. linen in the party's own press; but this does not dispose of the fact that constructive controversy is vital and urgent. The British manage to find a place for controversy of this type, and it is time that C.C.F.'ers searched for the ways and means. Perhaps the solution lies in the formation of a Canadian version of the Fabian Society. Perhaps it lies in a Canadian counterpart of the Socialist Fellowship which Fenner Brockway is currently plugging in the United Kingdom.

Another function which is not being attempted by the C.C.F. press (for equally understandable reasons) has to do with what might be termed "family news," and the one example which sticks out is involved in the question, "What's really happening in Saskatchewan?"

No, I do not mean what legislation has been enacted. By and large, the rest of Canada is getting the truth about this from C.C.F. literature. What I am referring to is political information, not so much of the sort that gains or loses votes

in by-elections as the sort which will help the C.C.F. solve its problems when it comes to power in the dominion. What is the pattern of provincial problems which may be repeated at Ottawa?

As for the other functions—those which the papers are now performing in varying degrees—I suggest that they be re-examined, that some of them, if necessary, be done through more effective and less expensive media, and that serious study be given to the establishment of a national weekly.

In view of the number of times that a national weekly has been suggested, we should have some background of experience from which to draw some elementary conclusions. Most of these suggestions have come a-cropper for one general reason—lack of funds. This obstacle may appear odd to the impartial observer who can easily estimate that their publications now cost C.C.F. supporters far more than \$100,000 a year, but this is easily explained by the fact that all plans for a new national publication have taken for granted that all the old ones would be continued.

Why is this assumption accepted? Because some, if not all, of the provincial sections seem afraid that power in the party might become centralized. To them, having their own paper means autonomy for their section. For this attitude I have great respect. Provincial autonomy within the party is not only essential to long-term political success, but it also reflects sound democratic principles.

But what is the fact? How are these newspapers now using their autonomy? The answer is that it is practically neglected. One who scans their columns discerns a well-defined "personality" in each newspaper, but this is only in mechanical make-up, in the approach to problems and the treatment of material. In the opinions expressed there is little indication of individualism, nor do I see how we can ever expect any greater independence in the individual paper if the C.C.F. is to remain an integrated movement.

Let me stress here that I am speaking of the *party organ*, which must be the display window of the party. It simply cannot afford to show off, week after week, the differences which exist between one provincial section and another, and one faction and another. But the other horn of the dilemma is this: that the party cannot long survive if such differences are not aired. And the airing which such differences are likely to get in provincial and national conventions is not enough. Indeed, unless the movement has a written literature of controversy, in which all members (and not merely delegates) may share, then such airings are all too likely to be mere outbursts of prejudice.

I see two possible solutions to this problem. One lies in a progressive research and debating society carrying on a persistent pamphleteering campaign. The other lies in a national weekly which has mass circulation as its objective.

Regarding the national paper, I am curious to know the reasoning which has led to the opinion that a democratic organization (even a political party) can successfully publish a newspaper which has mass circulation as its objective. Even as I raise the point, I make a deep bow to the West, which has its huge *Western Producer* (which may or may not be democratically operated, depending upon your conception of democracy) and which had its unsuccessful *Winnipeg Citizen* (whose democracy was beyond question).

If there are other examples, especially successful ones, I think Canadian readers should be told about them. Certainly, the C.C.F. should take warning from a very outstanding example at hand. If my information is correct, the *London Daily Herald* struggled along for years under the control of the British Trade Union Congress, and the results were so mediocre that the organization finally had to admit that as a publisher it was a failure. Then there came along

a private publisher, friendly to the movement, with an offer. In return for a 51 per cent financial interest in the paper he would sign an agreement to support at all times the official policies of the congress. In all other regards the newspaper would be his, to manage as he pleased, and the congress would merely share in the profits or the losses to the extent of its share interest. Under his management the circulation has climbed into the millions, and today the *Herald* is near the top of the British newspaper heap.

If you have a friend in the newspaper business, ask him why this should be so, and he will tell you, first, that there is no business which is so highly individualistic as the newspaper business. He will also tell you that news and opinion, when exposed to the public taste, are the most perishable and elusive commodities on the market. A co-operative which finds no great problems involved in buying and selling coal and farm machinery, has a different problem on its hands when it plunges into the newspaper field.

Do not misunderstand me: I am not saying that a co-operative newspaper is impossible, but I am saying that it will be impossible until two totally new techniques are evolved, and then integrated; one in the field of publishing and the other in the field of co-operative effort. And in view of the fact that the C.C.F. is much, much too busy in political alarms and excursions to embark on any such intricate experimentation, my advice to it is to get out and stay out of the news paper business—as a party, that is.

Saying which, I sit back and wait for some well-heeled and politically reliable publisher to go to the C.C.F. with a proposition, and even as I do so I fear for the reception he would get—party thinking being what it is.

But certainly the C.C.F. should be ready, by this time, to re-survey its problem, sans wishful thinking. Surely the party is now adult. It should have passed the stage in its growth when all that was necessary was to say, like any high-school students' council, "Let's start a newspaper."

Break in the Balkans

Gerard J. Mangone

► LOOKING AT THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE today the most dynamic centre of world politics, and one which may erupt into a volcano of war at any moment, is the Balkans. For it is in this rugged, blood-stained region that Stalin and Tito face each other.

The Balkans comprise the five states lying between the Adriatic Sea on the West and the Black Sea on the East: the peninsula of Greece, moving northwards to Albania, Yugoslavia, and eastward to Bulgaria and Rumania. The whole area is not much larger than the state of Texas, but it incorporates a dozen different nations. It is this fact which points up the nature of the Balkan politics.

Historically the Balkan countries were Christian lands overrun by the Turks and incorporated into their Empire for hundreds of years. But in the 19th and 20th centuries it has been a region which threw off the old Turkish rule and asserted its national independence. Between 1821 and 1831 the Greeks won their independence; in 1878 the independence of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia were recognized; and in 1918 Albania became a separate state.

Yugoslavia, the key power in the Balkans today, emerged from the First World War as a union of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes as well as Montenegrins, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and Macedonians. As a result of the Peace Treaty with Italy in 1947 Yugoslavia now includes thousands of Italians.

Any evaluation of the Balkans must stress its nationalism, for it is a place where national passions have run strong and

new states have just emerged into a consciousness of their own independence and integrity.

The second point of importance about the Balkans, however, is that it forms a meeting place for Empires. The Turkish Empire, the Hapsburg-Austrian Empire, the German Empire, even Mussolini's Empire, and the Russian Empire have all concentrated upon control of the Balkans or an important part of it. Its geographical position and its traditional weakness as a result of internal divisions have invited the Turks in their invasion of Europe, the Austro-Germans in their plans for controlling the Near East, and the Russians in their thrust towards the Mediterranean.

These factors of nationalism and imperialism existed long before Stalin and Tito entered the stage of world politics. These factors have endured longer than communism. The struggle between Moscow and Belgrade must be laid within this context of traditional Balkan struggles. Today the national struggle is sharpened by a world-wide ideological cleavage.

The break between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia officially dates from June 28, 1948. On that day an official Communist Party newspaper (*Rude Pravo*) published a strong criticism of the Yugoslav Communist Party and its leaders. Two days later on June 30 Radio Belgrade answered the criticism in no uncertain terms. Since that time the words have grown more and more violent until the government of Yugoslavia was described as "an enemy of the Soviet people." Between September 29 and October 4 of this year, the Soviet Union, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia renounced their treaties of friendship with Yugoslavia.

But it is now clear from the published correspondence between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia that the trouble between Yugoslavia had been brewing for a much longer time. Indeed, as early as May, 1945, Tito had delivered a speech in Ljubljana, in which he declared: "It is said that this war is a just war and we have considered it as such . . . we demand that everyone shall be master in his own house; we do not want to get involved in any policy of spheres of interest . . ." On June 5 the Soviet Ambassador presented a note to Tito which stated that such talks could not be tolerated and would call forth a public rebuke if repeated.

That the Soviet Union was worried about Yugoslavia during 1946 and 1947 is fairly certain. When the Cominform was established in the fall of 1947, its headquarters were placed in Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia. At that time any evidence of difficulties between Tito and Stalin was difficult to verify, but in retrospect the establishment of Cominform headquarters in Belgrade was a carefully weighed decision of the Kremlin. The Cominform included party leaders from all the satellite countries as well as France and Italy dedicated to co-operative information policies about Communism. It was the Cominform which was to attack the Tito regime most violently. It was the Cominform, as an agency of the Soviet Union, which was to attempt even the overthrow of Tito and the substitution of new Communist leaders.

Like the other satellite states within the Russian bloc, meanwhile, Yugoslavia enjoyed the much-needed technical and military assistance of Russian experts. Early in 1948 the Russians suddenly withdrew all their advisers from Yugoslavia.

On March 20, 1948, Tito addressed a letter to Molotov in which he asked the reasons for such action and six weeks later he received a harsh reply in which the Yugoslavs were accused of treating Russian officers like spies, of supervising the economic missions with bourgeois scrupulousness, and of inciting anti-Soviet propaganda. "The spirit of the policy of

class struggle is not felt in the Communist Party of Yugoslavia," was the text of the letter and "the increase of capitalist elements in the villages and the cities is in full swing." Furthermore, "the leadership of the Party is taking no measures to check these capitalistic elements." Indeed, wrote Moscow, "they are borrowing from Vollmar, Bernstein, and Bukharin." Nothing could be more damaging to a Communist than to be linked with evolutionary socialists or counter-revolutionaries.

The correspondence from Tito's government to the Soviet Union constantly reasserted that nothing hostile was aimed at the Soviet Union, and that Yugoslavia was moving toward socialism as a friendly and faithful ally of the Soviet Union. The statements of the Yugoslavs were restrained and, as late as April, 1948, were earnestly in search for a reconciliation with Russia. Nevertheless, there was a firm assertion that Yugoslavia must go toward socialism in its own way. By contrast the attitude of the Soviet Union was overbearing—for the men in the Kremlin fully expected that the upstart would either abjectly confess his errors or else flee the country in the face of internal opposition. For example, a letter of the Soviet Union of May, 1948 was entitled, "On the Arrogance of the Yugoslav Leaders and Their Incorrect Attitude Towards Their Mistakes."

Simultaneously, on May 8, 1948, Andrija Hebrang, Yugoslav Minister of Light Industry, and Sretan Zujovic, Yugoslav Minister of Finance, were removed from their posts by Tito. In the light of what followed it is now evident that the Cominform had been organizing and instigating a coup by these men to discredit and unseat Tito.

Thus it was that although the world first learned of the break between the Kremlin and the Yugoslav Politburo at the end of June, 1948, in fact a struggle had been going on in Yugoslavia between Tito and Stalin for at least eight months previously. Of particular interest, however, was the decision of the Soviet Union to rebuke Tito publicly and work for his downfall publicly. In this, there was a sign of weakness on the part of the Soviet Union not hitherto observed in its relations with satellite states.

In his important speech at Pola on July 10, two weeks later, Tito's policy was clear. He frankly sought a loan from the West while stating that the time had come to close the Greek-Yugoslav border, thereby shutting off aid to the Communist controlled guerrillas.

On July 25, just one month after the public break, pamphlets printed in Serbo-Croatian suddenly appeared one morning on the Belgrade streets. The pamphlets vigorously attacked the leaders of the Yugoslav Communist Party. The police quickly rounded up the copies of the pamphlet and it was found that these had been printed in Moscow. At Skopje on August 2, Tito launched a bitter attack against the leaders of the Bulgarian, Greek, Albanian, Rumanian, and Hungarian Communist parties. Shortly thereafter Bozidar Malaric, the Yugoslav Minister of Transport, denounced Russian participation in joint civil aviation and navigation as an "exploitation" of Yugoslav labor and resources. On August 18 the Soviet Union delivered a sharp note to Yugoslavia, intimating that Russia would take action to protect its citizens in Yugoslavia, and a few days later the Yugoslavs answered that they would brook no interference in their domestic affairs. The lead article of the Trieste Communist Party newspaper, *L'Unita*, of Sunday, August 20, was entitled, "Tito A Traitor Since 1943."

The rise of national communism in Yugoslavia is probably the most important single event in international political affairs since World War II. It already has had a profound effect, not only on the foreign policies of the Soviet

Union and the United States, but also on the Communist Parties of Europe both within and outside the iron curtain.

At root the controversy between Stalin and Tito is simple. It could not be better expressed than in the note of the Yugoslav Government to the Soviet Union in August, 1949: "The Government of . . . Yugoslavia considers that it is its duty to emphasize that it is an independent and sovereign state and that its peoples and its government are under no condition willing to allow any one whomsoever to interfere in their internal affairs."

Marshal Tito has again and again said that he can find nothing in the teachings of Marx which indicates that the Russian Politburo or any Politburo should decide the paths of socialism to be taken by other nations. At the United Nations, Edward Kardelj has emphasized traditional international law which maintains that states are sovereign equals and that no interference in domestic affairs by outside nations is lawful.

In brief, Yugoslav nationalism, this time with a Communist government, comes into collision with Russian imperialism, this time with a Communist government.

Since the end of the war it had become increasingly clear to the leaders of the Yugoslav government that their position was not one of equality with the Soviet Union, that their economy was expended for the Soviet Union, and that the Soviet Union regarded them as an appendage to Russian military-economic security rather than an equal brother engaged in a common task. Tito was determined to socialize and govern Yugoslavia in his own way, although he was more than willing to consult and co-operate with the Soviet Union.

For these reasons Tito complained bitterly that while Yugoslavia sent its raw materials of copper, lead, iron ore, manganese to the Soviet Union, it got very little in return. Promised supplies never arrived. For these reasons, Tito labelled the joint companies, so popular with the Russians in other satellite states, an exploitation of Yugoslav resources. Furthermore he refused to speed up the collectivization of land as rapidly as the Soviet Union urged since he felt that this was a Yugoslav problem about which the Yugoslav government was the best judge. For these reasons the Tito regime refused to submit statistics—as the Russians themselves had refused to do. For these *national* reasons, the Yugoslav government did watch Russian military and economic advisers very carefully in the protection of the *national* interest.

* * *

The chagrin of Stalin at the successful resistance to the Soviet Politburo's desires cannot be overestimated. How has it happened that in Yugoslavia a Communist government has been able to withstand, at least for the present, the relentless pressure of Moscow?

There are a number of reasons closely associated with the national struggle of the Yugoslavs and the leadership of Tito. Yugoslavia never capitulated to the Germans. It was never a "liberated" nation, but rather a people which fought for its own victory through its own army. And except for Mikhailovic in the opening years, the leader of the Yugoslav people all during the terrible struggle has been the colorful, daring, fighting Tito. At the end of the Second World War Yugoslavia emerged with an army second only to the Soviet Union on the Continent of Europe.

Furthermore, the Communist Party, never strong in Yugoslavia during the inter-war years, was almost entirely reformed and staffed by Tito and his close followers, so that when the break with the Cominform finally came there was less defection from the Party leadership than Moscow anticipated.

Tito is strong; Yugoslavia, nevertheless, has many weaknesses. Fundamentally its economy is agrarian and its important exports are food, timber, and mineral ores such as iron, copper, lead, and manganese. Yugoslavia has few industries and its economy has been oriented about the Soviet Union and the satellite states. Before the break with the Russian bloc, not less than 63 per cent of Yugoslavia's exports were going to the Soviet Union.

Not only have the borders of Yugoslavia been cut off from Soviet-Eastern trade, but the Cominform has undoubtedly promoted a campaign of internal sabotage which has destroyed capital equipment and added to economic unrest. Bands of guerrillas operating within the country have been reported. The government has ordered the railroads to check sabotage. On August 25 Tito's only efficient oil refinery at Fiume was blown up under circumstances indicating internal wrecking. The seriousness of this blow to Yugoslav economy is demonstrated by the fact that this plant had been refining practically all the crude oil brought into Yugoslavia.

The loss of the Eastern European export market was exacerbated by the loss of imports from the Cominform Communist states, for it was upon machinery, transport, equipment, oil, and coal from Russia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Poland that Yugoslavia based her extravagant 5-year plan of industrialization. According to the Plan, Yugoslavia was supposed to increase its industrial production 494 per cent by 1951! But nationalist-communist ardor, even with supplies from other Communist countries, far outran the realities of the economy. Crippled by a lack of spare parts for such machinery as had been delivered, or lacking Polish coke to run its furnaces, and constantly harassed by sabotage, Tito's government stands upon a poor economy further strained by over-ambitious plans to drag Yugoslavia from an agrarian economy to a powerful industrial state within a few years.

For several months after the Yugoslav-Cominform break the United States pursued a cautious policy. Not only were Washington planners uncertain about the sharpness and duration of the rift between Moscow and Belgrade, but there was also sound reason to believe that any overt aid to Tito might harm his rebellion against Stalin.

The first public notice that the United States was intent upon assisting the Yugoslav economy against collapse was the approval given to Tito to purchase a mobile steel plant in the summer of 1949. In examining the reports of the U.S. Department of Commerce for the first three months of 1949, however, it is obvious that the United States was already committed to a policy of helping Yugoslavia. Nine and one-half million dollars worth of goods passed into Yugoslavia during the first quarter of 1949, more than the value of all goods permitted during the entire year of 1948.

On September 8, 1949, ten days after receiving the application, the U.S. Export-Import Bank approved a \$20,000,000 loan to beleaguered Yugoslavia, and by November, 1949, the United States had eased its ban on the sale of commercial planes, gasoline, and lubricants to Tito. Foreign Minister Edward Kardelj told the Parliament on December 27 that the International Bank, in which the U.S. has predominant influence, had agreed in principle to a \$25,000,000 loan to Yugoslavia.

For the United States these events were the most significant development of foreign policy since the close of World War II. After an avowed policy of assisting democracies in their struggle against communism, the United States had come to the rescue of an ultra-Communist government. So far had the United States changed its attitude toward Yugoslavia that George V. Allen, newly-appointed ambassador,

could say on December 23, that the United States was just as opposed to aggression against Yugoslavia as aggression against any other state. Literally this could mean that Yugoslavia would receive the same consideration as those states linked to the Atlantic Pact and the Truman Doctrine.

What does the defection of Tito mean for the Soviet Union? Certainly the major problem of Russian foreign policy is to prevent the spread of "national" communism. The acceleration of Party purges in Czechoslovakia, the trial of Rajk in Hungary, Kostov in Bulgaria, and the appointment of Russian Marshal Rakosovsky as head of the Polish military forces, all suggest severe measures to discourage any other Party schisms. In Italy and France a serious tremor has been passing through the Party as the Communist leadership condemns Titoism in its own ranks.

The Soviet Union would face a hostile world opinion in any open aggression against Yugoslavia and the character of the people, the land, and the leadership indicate a stubborn resistance to any foreign invader. But the possibilities of harassing tactics to the Tito leadership are almost unlimited. At the United Nations the Yugoslav delegation claimed that 219 armed incidents were provoked by the satellites bordering Yugoslavia between July 1, 1948 and September 1, 1949, while there were 69 violations of Yugoslav air-space. Economic strangulation, without substantial relief from the West, will have a telling effect upon the Yugoslav economy, and the continuance of widespread sabotage can be expected.

The United States has made a substantial gain in cultivating the resistance of Tito, although it cannot afford to be blind to the realities of the situation. Tito is a Communist. In his eyes the United States must always be a decadent capitalist society, fascist and imperialist. Tito is still on record as the friend of the Soviet Union in any war between the United States and Russia. By applying pressure here and there, taking advantage of such opportunities as the Communists offer in their own internal disaffection, the United States can adapt itself to an uneasy peace. In a world upset by two World Wars perhaps an uneasy peace is the best to be expected. But the crucial problem of democracy is to avoid war, even through an uneasy peace, so that economic progress may be made and, at least, the environment of democracy secured.

Major Conn Smythe

D. M. Fisher

► CONN SMYTHE is the successful sport promoter of our era. He has made the Toronto Maple Leafs an integral part of Canadian life and himself the most widely-known man in the country.

Smythe's father, Albert E. S. Smythe was also a public figure. More versatile than his son, he was poet, lecturer, writer, and newspaper editor. For many years he fostered theosophy in Canada and the United States. Born and educated in Northern Ireland he emigrated to Canada with an English bride. His first son was born in Toronto, February 1, 1895, and named Constantine Falkland Kerrys. Constantine was the mother's family name and Falkland a reminder that kinship was held with the Viscounts Falkland, but the intricacy just lasted until the appellant grew up and threw it over for the brief Conn.

Smythe had an upper middle-class education, moving from Upper Canada College to the University of Toronto, and the winter before war broke out he was captain of the Varsity Junior Hockey Team. He left university to join the artillery as a gunner. Later commissioned, he went overseas

The Canadian Forum presents the following article as the beginning of a series of studies of contemporary Canadians.

in 1915 and soon after won the M.C. Finally he transferred to the R.F.C. and in 1917 he was shot down in German-held territory and spent thirteen months as a P.O.W.

After the war, Smythe finished his civil engineering course and worked briefly for the City of Toronto. Dissatisfied with this he launched a sand and gravel business. Since 1921 his company has slowly grown and now it is one of the biggest in that field.

Through the early 20's Smythe sustained his interest in hockey by coaching the Varsity Seniors; his team won the Canadian amateur title and then took the Olympic crown in 1924. Since he had never been a great star and was only thirty years old, Smythe's feat caused a stir. This brought him a commission from Madison Square Gardens in New York to gather and launch a team into the professional National Hockey League. In the fall of 1926, Smythe rounded up a cheap but wonderful group of players, Frank Boucher, Bill and Bun Cook and Taffy Abel among them. But before the season opened, Smythe quarrelled with his employer and lost the job. The success which this team gained in the following years points out a quality in which Smythe is unsurpassed, picking out good players.

This set-back didn't dim his desire to lead his own team and in 1927 he bought into the Toronto St. Patricks, a team in the N.H.L. with headquarters at the Mutual Street Arena. The rather alien name was changed to the Maple Leafs and Smythe began to mould a winner. His cherished dream was a great arena built expressly for hockey but suitable for other entertainment as well. Many were skeptical and money was scarce, but in May, 1931, ground was broken at Church and Carlton streets and on November 12, 1931, a game between the Leafs and Chicago opened the arena.

Designed and built by Canadians, Maple Leaf Gardens has long since realized its original million and a quarter cost, and shares of its stock are very valuable. Since 1946, dividends have been paid on common stock, and the last annual statement showed an operating profit of \$339,585. It has about 12,500 permanent seats for hockey and the Leafs' attendance alone, this year, should be about half a million people. At first Smythe was secretary-treasurer of the enterprise, then he added the position of managing director, and since 1947 he has been president.

As the Gardens prospered so did the National Hockey League and to protect its source of material it has made itself the ruling power in amateur and professional hockey. Smythe has led his associates in furthering this, and the scouting system, procedure and contracts he used in building his business have been the model. Most important of all, he has kept so-called big-time hockey to the fore with a profusion of ephemeral twists and angles. His chief aide in creating the substance or the myth has been Foster Hewitt and the Saturday night hockey broadcasts. Newspapers from Vancouver to Halifax feature, for most of the year, stories and statistics of hockey, and Smythe both originates and is the subject of more of this lineage than any other man in the business.

The personality and character given to him is the stereotype, "win or die," "shoot the works" sports leader. This is only one side, for he is astute and unsentimental. Of all the stars who have played for him, one feels that only Syl Apps, a non-smoking, non-drinking college graduate, ever has held his respect. He trades away the fans' favorites in a flash, if he senses they're slipping. In his early career he

was the enthusiast or showman to the extent of attacking referees or fighting with fans. In 1933, one of his players, Ace Bailey, hovered near death for weeks after an attack by Eddie Shore. Tragic as the situation was, Smythe mulcted it for every ounce of melodrama. In the '30's he kept his name before the public in the off-season through a racing stable that campaigned with fair success.

When the late war came along, Smythe, a stout Tory, Anglican, and "empire-tie" man, chafed until he was given command in 1941 of the 30th Battery, a unit in the 6th L.A.A. Regiment. He named it the Sportsmen's Battery and appealed for athletic recruits. He garnered two fine journalists in Ted Reeve and Ralph Allen, and in the following years their stories brought the battery much publicity, although, strangely enough, not one really good hockey player entered its ranks. It is hard to find any veteran who served under Smythe who does not admire and respect him very much, though he ran his military establishment with all the spit, polish, and efficiency that characterizes Maple Leaf Gardens.

Smythe trained and led his battery into action. Shortly after it arrived in Normandy rare bad luck in the form of a floating flare dropped by a Jerry nuisance-raider ignited an ammunition truck and Smythe was wounded severely while fighting the fire. He came home to Canada in mid-September, 1944, for further medical treatment. War enthusiasm was high and the statement Smythe issued on his arrival dampened it noticeably and got the reinforcement crisis under way. The gist of his message was that the Canadian infantry were being reinforced with poorly trained troops gathered from hither and yon, and that it was unfair to both them and the experienced men as long as well-trained Home Defence troops loitered in Canada.

This true but indelicate statement brought denials from the Government, mud from the *Toronto Star*, and set the Tory opposition pack in full howl. The authorities were unwilling to risk disciplining Smythe for his unofficial-like disclosure. The immediate furor around him soon quietened and he slipped back to his old position as manager at the Gardens, but the political pot boiled on until the dispatch of the zombies overseas justified his disclosure. He had been the only one to state what hundreds knew; whatever the deed's significance now, many Canadian soldiers blessed him for it then.

Since Smythe's return to hockey, the Maple Leafs have won three successive championships and his hockey empire seems solid and durable. Mellowed a bit by the years he no longer rants or fights in the old crack-pot fashion but his voice is still rasping and magisterial, his small compact body still bristles with energy, and his recent coup in grabbing headlines with the silly "Reduce" campaign show he's as news-wise as ever. His elder son, Stafford, is now an official in the Maple Leaf system and seems slated to succeed the Major. Smythe's finest side has been revealed in the charity work he has done for crippled children. Aware of the problem through his own family's misfortune, his money, time, and facilities have made Toronto a centre of hope for many unlucky kids.

Smythe will never be generally popular with the athletic fraternity because he isn't humble and seldom makes a mistake in his field, but he certainly is respected. Indeed the subservience he commands from the Toronto press is frightening. There have been few men in our country really comparable to him. Smythe's forthrightness, realization of big plans, and his public courage make him an unusual Canadian, and, if not a great one, a successful one.

O CANADA

If you would like more information on this subject . . . on Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, the end of the world and the resurrection and judgment of all men . . . we shall be happy to send you an interesting pamphlet free of charge.

(Knights of Columbus advertisement, Maclean's Magazine)

CONSIDER TIMING POOR FOR VOTE IN BRITAIN.

ODDS LEAN TO LABOR.

(Heading, Toronto Telegram).

Mrs. C. L. Pearson, cinema convener for the Local Council of Women, reported that while they had been successful in getting crime comics banned, they are now faced with the problem of lurid love comics. She also reported that a complaint made to the T.E.C. was successful in having an advertisement dealing with the second Kinsey report removed from the front of Toronto's street cars.

(Toronto Star).

Reeve William Morgan of Leaside last night told Leaside Lions Club the province would have fewer grants to pay if suburban municipalities were amalgamated with Toronto. . . . When asked if the petition being circulated throughout Leaside was legal, Mr. Morgan said he did not care whether it was or not. "We will have 10,000 Leaside residents march down to Queen's Park and trample all over the tulips if necessary," said Mr. Morgan.

(Globe and Mail).

Stratford—An amateur scientist in this western Ontario city claims he can solve New York's water shortage. Frederick Heithömer said today that through his "human radio" research system he has traced a hitherto undetected subterranean stream linking Lake Ontario with New York. He says his system incorporates eye study, psychology, phrenology, hypnotism and a smattering of high-grade palmistry.

(Canadian Press Release).

Premier Smallwood said . . . "I understand that there are 25,000 Newfoundlanders in Toronto. I can't understand why Toronto is not a better place."

(Montreal Gazette).

MERGER SOLVES HOUSING—MAYOR

(Toronto Star, Feb. 8, 1950).

MAYOR FEARS MERGER OFF

(Toronto Telegram, Feb. 8, 1950).

London, Ont., Feb. 8—(BUP)—The Progressive Conservative party was urged today to go to the voters in the next general election as "The People's Canadian Party" . . . The party members also were told to stop branding as socialism those ideas which delegates said generally sought to better the welfare of the country.

(Toronto Star).

Miss Ingrid Bergman . . . is unquestionably a great actress, and has won a very large public following through her appearances in motion pictures. Society would permit her, as it always has in such cases, the latitude granted the artistic temperament in return for a measure of reserve.

(Globe and Mail).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to H. C. F. Shatan, Montreal, P.Q. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

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Within a Frame

SHORT STORY

David Derek Staction

► HE HAD GONE DOWN to see his mother. She was divorced and lived in horticultural seclusion in the country. But when he got there she was out, so having nothing to do, he began to rummage in an old closet under the stairs, and there he saw the picture.

It gave him a shock to see it again after so many years. He had forgotten that he had it. It was a good pre-war color reproduction of a Braque still life, the same picture Braque painted so often, but one of the better versions of it, an arrangement on a table of an urn containing grapes, a dish containing a lemon and a peach, an open serviette, and a napkin in a napkin ring. The colors were beautiful, and Margaret, his wife, liked Braque, so he decided to take it along with him. His mother came in then, and being sharp-eyed, saw it under his arm as he was leaving.

"Why, what have you got there?" she demanded.

He showed it to her.

"It's the picture your father made the frame for, isn't it?" she said. "Imagine that turning up after all this time. Where was it?"

"I found it in a closet."

She looked at it without seeing it. She had seen it first many years before, and she didn't bother to look at anything more than once. She was more interested in her flowers.

"Of course it isn't square," she said, repeating her original view of it, made ten years before. "The frame I mean. Your father never did do anything properly."

"I thought I'd take it along," he said. "Margaret likes Braque."

"Margaret is so modern," said his mother. "Couldn't you stay to tea?"

"I'm afraid not."

He felt a little queasy on the way home. He thought he had a touch of flu. But once he was in the apartment he felt better. He changed, had a shower, and then he got the picture out again, and looked at it. He tried to remember why he had shoved it in the closet and forgotten it for so many years, but he could not. There was a great deal of his childhood he could not remember, and on the whole it was probably just as well. But the picture he could not understand. He liked beautiful things, and it was certainly a beautiful picture.

He turned it over, and saw that the back was pasted down with a lined blue paper. It stirred some memory, but the memory sank back before he could grasp it. Some store his mother had once gone to, perhaps. He got a hammer and put in two nails. To his annoyance one went slightly through the frame, for the wood had turned dry and porous with age, not being very good in the first place. Then he put a wire on it and hung it up.

The frame was scratched up and dirty, and perhaps it was a little crooked, for one of the things that had always made him uncomfortable at home was that his mother usually was right and knew it. But he was surprised how the picture changed the atmosphere of the whole room. The yellows and browns glowed brightly, and the white . . . well, Braque was famous for his whites. They glowed like bleached bones, and the napkin, painted in thick impasto, seemed to pour out of the canvas, as the white paint had writhed out of the tube when Braque painted it. The frame, though, was too gray. Despite its brightness, the frame made the picture look sullen. All the same it was extremely handsome. It submerged all the other pictures in the room.

He had put it in their bedroom, and it submerged the room as well, and changed it. Even the late afternoon sunlight, flooding in through the tall windows, caught the picture and glittered from it as from something hard and metallic.

He wondered what Margaret would think of it. He hoped she would be pleased. And once more he could not understand how he could have forgotten it.

When she came in, he said, "Do you notice anything different?"

She paused, taking off her hat. "No," she said. "Why?"

"Sure?"

She paused dubiously. "No," she said.

He took her by the shoulders and turned her toward the wall. "Look," he said.

Then she saw it. "Why it's beautiful, Tom," she said. "Wherever did you get it?"

"I found it when I went down to see mother. It was stuck in an old closet." He stopped, and then added, "It's the first picture I ever bought. I was only fourteen."

"You had good taste," she said.

"You do like it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "it's beautiful. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"There's something wrong with it. I think it's the frame. It doesn't look quite right. Too gray, or something."

"My father made the frame," he said. He felt as though he were speaking automatically, and was somewhat astonished at what bits of the forgotten past his memory was dredging up.

She looked at him curiously.

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing. I just never heard you mention your father much before."

Tom flushed and grew self-conscious. He scarcely knew why.

"Well, he was a bit of a monster, you know," he said. "But he did make a nice frame. Though mother said it was crooked."

"She would."

"Well, it is crooked," he said.

"I know. But that isn't what's wrong with it," she said. He felt suddenly cross. "I thought you liked it," he said.

"I do. It's just . . ."

"I know. The frame. We can repaint it. And you certainly can't get as good a reproduction as that these days."

She looked at the picture dubiously. "I don't know that painting would help," she said.

They dropped the subject, but when they were lying in bed that night, he saw it over her shoulder, in the dim light of the bed lamp, and the colors were brighter than ever.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I was just admiring the picture. Look how the white stands out. Braque certainly understands white."

"It's a napkin, isn't it?" said Margaret.

"Yes. Of course it's a napkin."

"It looks so bleak and bony," she said. She yawned. "Let's go to sleep."

"Okay," he said, and turned out the light, and they went to sleep. Then suddenly he felt something bearing down on him, closing in on him, and he sat up in bed screaming at the top of his lungs.

Margaret pulled herself awake.

"What is it?" she asked.

His heart was pounding. "A nightmare," he said. "I haven't had one for a long time."

"I know," she said, anxiously. When they had first been married he had had bad nights, and they had only been married a year, so that wasn't so far behind him. "It was just a dream."

He felt silly. "The room was empty," he said reluctantly. "And I saw my father outside the window in the street. He's odd-looking, you know, and very tall, and he had such hard eyes. He was in the street, but he could see through the walls into the room, and he was watching us. I think he was smiling. It was so odd."

She cuddled up to him. "Go to sleep," she said. "Look, it's three o'clock. And we have to get up at seven-thirty."

Eventually he got to sleep, but the next night it was worse. He felt restless. He couldn't sleep. He got up and smoked a cigarette, and sat at the window, watched the blue and deserted street. It was November, and the air was very cold. He tried to freeze himself into drowsiness, and then he went back to bed, trying not to disturb Margaret. But in the middle of the night, he woke up feeling suffocated, as though someone were trying to smother him. His chest felt labored and the air rumbled in his lungs. He turned on his side, and tried to sleep, but he couldn't, and then he fell asleep, with his back turned to the picture, in shadow, because the street lamp outside the room had burned out. He could feel the picture behind him, and at last, he turned around in his dream and looked at it. It hung small and baleful on an immense wall, a wall set in a thirsty desert. The air turned to a powder in his dream, it fell crumbling at his feet, and once more he woke up, gasping for air.

Margaret heard him, but did not say anything. She pretended to be asleep. He knew she was pretending. He turned on his side once more, and pulled the covers up over his ears. Margaret was a sensible girl, and sometimes she failed him horribly.

The next night before they went to bed, he glanced up at the picture, while he was undressing. He hadn't been sleeping well. He felt drugged and exhausted, and when he felt drugged and exhausted, he felt at the mercy of any thought that came into his head.

The picture looked very cold and remote. It looked as though it had sunken into its frame, or the frame had grown larger. It was crooked, but very slightly so, so that the corners seemed to shift up and down on the wall.

"Stop it," said Margaret.

"Stop what?" he asked.

"Look," she said. "It's not the picture. It's your imagination. It's just a picture. And a very beautiful one. It doesn't bother you."

He felt unaccountably forlorn and helpless. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Poor Tom," said Margaret. "Can't you stop your imagination from running away with you?"

"It isn't that," he said.

"Then what is it?"

"He made it that way for a reason," he said sharply, and not knowing why he said it. The sentence shocked him a little. It seemed to lie on the air, the way words become visible, so they say, under the influence of hashish.

"What way?" she asked patiently.

"Crooked."

"Tom, don't you think you're being rather silly?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, and she put her arms around his neck. He forgot his troubles for a while, because he was still very much in love with his wife. Then they lay in bed, and he felt sullen and heavy and tired, and thrashed about. He felt as though lead had been poured into his veins and he lay under twelve feet of water.

Then, suddenly, he realized he was awake again, and a dull panic began to seep upward through his body, and he hauled himself up in bed. The springs creaked ominously, and he reached over for a cigarette.

Margaret was awake too. She was staring at the ceiling. "I can't sleep," he said.

"Did you have another dream?"

"No, I don't think so." He was aware of the picture, and he was afraid to hear her mention it. He didn't want her to know he was looking at it.

"I can't sleep either," she said. "I don't know what's wrong with both of us."

Suddenly he felt sick with dizziness, and his body began to pour out through his feet and slip down under the bed in heavy folds.

"Margaret!" he called.

"What?"

"Nothing," he said, and stubbed out the cigarette. But it wasn't nothing. "Margaret," he said, "do you suppose I'm normal?"

"Of course you are. Why?"

"Nothing. It's just when I get this tired, my head gets tight, and it's as though all sorts of people were at the edges of it, pushing forward. Gray people. And..." He hesitated.

"What, do you see little men?"

"I see a man. He isn't there. It's an hallucination. But it's as though he were standing there." He pointed toward the centre of the room. He knew he was being absurd, but at the same time it was true. Someone was there. Not visibly there. Just there.

Margaret tried to joke him out of it. "Is he coming for you?" she said. "He's coming up to the bed. He's grabbing for you."

"For God's sake, Margaret."

"Well, isn't he?"

"No," he said, slowly. "He isn't. He just stands there looking at me. But he doesn't have a face. I used to dream of him every night, though I haven't dreamed of him for fifteen years. He always wore gray. And he came down a long corridor to the foot of my bed, and then he looked at me, and he had no face."

"If you keep this up, you can go batty," said Margaret, and the word was hard and hit him like a stone. He felt angry with her, and then suddenly, he began to talk again, with words which seemed strange to him.

"It's funny," he said. "I just remembered the house I lived in when I was fourteen. I haven't thought of it for years. I was thinking about the basement. And I could see it so clearly."

"What was it like?" she asked softly.

"You went down the stairs, and on the left was an etching—Christ at the Door, or something. Only better than that. It had bigger thorns. And then at the foot of the stairs was my father's roll-top desk. And there was a trunk filled with despatches and war pictures and a Sam Browne belt." He wanted to tell her about the smell of the Sam Browne belt, but he couldn't. He wanted to tell her about the photograph of his father in the trunk, in his uniform, a foxy face with a pointed nose, and those odd, glaucous eyes, watery, yet hard and unseeing, but he couldn't. Something stopped him from telling her that. "And there was his workbench. He did cabinet work as a hobby. There was a power saw. It made a frightful racket, like a butcher's saw grinding through bone, and he would use it until far into the night. There was no getting away from that noise. And then at the back was a dark part of the cellar, wired off from the rest. It was under the stairs..."

He felt curiously tired, and glanced at the picture, and then something bitter cut into him, and he could feel the saliva moving in his mouth. "Under the stairs was where the cat slept. I guess it was a cat. It was my father's cat. A great big silver cat. It had a litter there, and my father spread blue paper and rags for it to lie on. The basement

smelled of dogs and cats and urine and oil. The kittens were blind. They were so small.

"There was a laundry chute. I used to put my dog down it. I went down it myself. It was a nice dog. It had a little bare patch near its tail. It smelled of soap most of the time. I liked to wash it. It was called Wally. My father had it gassed because it bit the cat once. He said . . ."

"Tom," said Margaret.

"What?"

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if we went to sleep."

She turned over on her side, and soon he heard her breathing regularly. Suddenly he sat up in bed.

"Margaret," he said, "it's that damn picture."

"Oh don't be silly."

"I'm going to take it down."

"Isn't that rather silly? After all, your father hasn't been near you for a long time. It seems silly to let a thing like that upset you."

"I suppose you're right," he said, and turned over. But he felt himself flooded with irritation and anger, and suddenly he leaped out of bed, and almost tore the picture from the wall. The enamel of the frame was slippery, and it felt almost alive under his hands. He held it gingerly and going through the apartment, put it outside in the hall. Then he came back to bed. He still felt suffocated. His heart was pounding and he began to breathe heavily.

"Are you all right?" asked Margaret anxiously.

He realized how heavily he was breathing, but he couldn't help it. "I'm all right now," he said. "Putting the picture out seemed to make everything all right again. I'm just going to have a cigarette."

The next morning, feeling ashamed of himself, he fetched the picture back into the apartment, with its back to the wall, and seeing the blue paper backing, bent down to smell it. It smelled musty, like old glue, and on the corner he saw that a couple of hairs were stuck with the glue. He went to work, feeling much better, and that evening went well too, until he went into the bedroom.

And there was the picture.

It stood out on the wall. The frame seemed to have grown bigger, the picture looked small and crowded in the frame, which seemed to oscillate, as he stared at it, the uneven corners making it play the old trick.

"Margaret," he called angrily.

She came slowly into the room.

"Why did you put that back?" he asked.

"Don't be silly, Tom. I like it."

"It's got to come down. I'll throw it out."

"No. You've got to conquer this. It's absurd to go on being afraid of your father all these years. Why, you're a grown man."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"Then what's wrong with the picture?"

"I just don't like it, that's all."

"Well, I do like it."

He glared at her, and went to take it down. He was almost afraid to touch it.

"Leave it where it is," she snapped, and he looked at her with surprise. She didn't usually use that tone. He saw suddenly that she looked tired and worn out, and was gazing at him anxiously.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Well, I haven't had much sleep with you these last few nights."

"I know," he said. "I know."

He went into the other room, but all evening he was conscious of the picture, waiting for him, and when he went in to

get ready for bed, he couldn't avoid looking at it. It seemed very big, and it seemed to advance and recede. His eyes hurt. Margaret was right. He should get a grip on his nerves.

"There," said Margaret, when she was in bed, with a net on her hair. "It isn't so bad, is it?"

"No," he admitted. He felt hollow and cold again, but he didn't want to upset her. He knew that she did worry about him. She looked quite worn, and he felt apologetic. After she had gone to sleep, he could not sleep, and sat propped up on the pillow, trying to keep as still as he could, and looking at the picture. He could not seem to look anywhere else. It seemed to have gathered energy into itself. In the darkness of the room, with the uncertain shadows cast by the street lamp outside, which had been fixed, the picture seemed to grow bigger, and then to wobble on the wall. There was a draft in the room. It blew cold.

He got up and went over to the picture reluctantly, his bare feet feeling dead against the icy wooden floor, and he stood in front of it, looking at it, feeling hypnotized and drugged by it. How odd that the napkin, it was bone white, did seem to leap outward from the picture! And the picture was a little smaller than the opening for it, so a line of white appeared on two sides of it. He had an impulse to take it down, rip off the back, and see if there was anything else in the frame. He had a feeling something else was.

Then the picture rose slightly, with the draft from the open window, and bumped against the wall, and then quite suddenly, as it settled into place, he realized what a fool he had been, and that it was just a picture with a frame the wrong shade of gray. He turned, and went back toward his bed, and found Margaret sitting up, watching him.

"Well?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. "I was just looking at it."

"Why?" she asked. She sounded as though her nerves were about to snap.

"I don't know," he said. "All at once it didn't seem to bother me. Now it's just a picture."

"Of course it is," she said, but she was deathly pale, and he had a feeling that while he was looking at it, she had seen something he had not.

"Come to bed," she said, "it's after twelve. You can't go on this way. You'll be a wreck."

"I won't," he said. He looked at the picture, and it seemed to him that the warm greens and the reds and yellows of the peaches suddenly burst forth into life. They seemed to drag themselves out of the darkness around them. The whites of the napkins sparkled. Suddenly the picture began to dominate the frame, and grow warmer and warmer, and it looked so cheerful and unexpected that he felt happier and easier than he had felt for days.

He was still thinking about this the next morning, when the phone rang, and it was his mother, and she began to babble in a strained voice, and he was aware that Margaret was listening, and could hear the voice. At last he said what he could and put down the receiver, feeling quite blank, as though he had been saved from something.

"It's about my father," he said. "He died last night."

"When?" asked Margaret, and her voice sounded strained. The sound of her voice made him suspicious.

"What do you mean, when?" he asked.

"When?" her face was pale and drawn.

"Last night," he said reluctantly and slowly, at about twelve. The clerk at his hotel went up to his room, and . . . He sat down, remembering last night.

"What did you see?" he asked her, scarcely wanting an answer.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing. It was just the wind."

Theatre

Milton Wilson

► FEW CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN authors have reached as wide an audience as Andrew Allan or have achieved a more enviable reputation. The New Play Society's recent Toronto production of his play, *Narrow Passage*, has, therefore, the special interest of presenting a skillful and recognized artist, but in a new and possibly more exacting role. The play deals with the influence of a small, dull, Ontario town (Grantville) on an assortment of inhabitants, willing, unwilling and resigned. The plot includes a sensitive pianist with an Oedipus complex, a nurse whose ambitions and possessive instincts have temporarily stifled her capacity to love, two apparent cases of euthanasia, and a love affair which pivots about the consciousness of guilt on the part of a doctor and a nurse. Mr. Allan has tied this relatively heterogeneous group of themes and characters into a neat bundle, although the result (to shift metaphors) is more a mixture than a solution.

In one sense Mr. Allan carries his new role with ease: the play is not merely an expanded and visualized radio sketch. The spectator soon loses any thought of fade-outs or background music. But influence of habit may, perhaps, be seen in some of the stock characters, who suggest skilful adaptation rather than creation, or in a tendency toward glib profundity in the dialogue. The Rev. Mr. Reeves, for example, (particularly as played by Colin Eaton) is the traditional pious and absurd clergyman, who might in an earlier incarnation have been the Rev. Chasuble of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The gardener, MacDougall, is a fugitive from *Tobacco Road*, toned down by his respectable environment. Peter Nares, the pianist, (played with Byronic attitudes by Don Harron) is the sensitive and talented (or untalented) youth whose amorphous compulsions trail endlessly through modern literature (see the movie *Quartet* for Peter's double). In the dialogue I recall (inaccurately, no doubt) such interchanges as: "NURSE: I want to leave Grantville for good. DOCTOR: You may find it easier to leave Grantville than to make Grantville leave you." In the first act when the Rev. Reeves makes his inevitable remark that youth aren't what they used to be, the village doctor and cynic makes the equally inevitable reply "Haven't they always been?" or words to that effect. Similarly, the Rev. Reeve's "profound" observations on how words and symbols change their meanings is treated far too seriously, and when in the last act Peter Nares tells the nurse that he was attracted to her as a replacement for his mother, one feels annoyed at being hit over the head with a case book, and not a very new one at that. Some of these remarks may be accounted for by Mr. Allan's desire to make Grantville as commonplace as possible, but I suspect that much of the burden of naive generalization which the play labors under is intended as bright dialogue. The doctor, excellently played by Robert Christie, puzzles me in much the same way as the dialogue. At times he seems a satire on the village cynic, spouting his wry commonplaces, at other times one suspects that Mr. Allan sees him as a genuine purveyor of tolerant wisdom. What could be attempted subtlety of characterization seems at first sight mere uncertainty of touch.

Equally unfortunate as far as sureness of effect is concerned is the structural anti-climax of the third act. By the end of the second act we have dug very nearly to the bottom of the main characters and their relations. Doctor and nurse have piece by piece stripped off their false trim-

mings, and the doctor has done the same for the absent Peter Nares. We see them in clear relief, each against the others. The last act merely repeats the implications of the second act in more explicit and active form. Peter Nares, self-understanding at last, explains himself as the doctor and nurse have already explained him earlier. When Nares makes his rejection and leaves the other two together, the effect is static, a variation on a familiar theme not a dramatic resolution. But, although the last act is an anti-climax, the climax that precedes it is a real climax. The long, gradually unfolding scene between doctor and nurse, in which step by step they reveal themselves to each other, is a brilliantly sustained piece of dialogue and dramatic development. If the experience and technique shown here were put to work on less pallid material, *Narrow Passage* would be an interesting play indeed.

On The Air

Allan Sangster

► IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED, and examination of recent programs does little to refute the suggestion, that the CBC is in danger of falling into the well known Hollywood trap—to wit, the star system. It would be unjust to maintain that the star system exists in every department, but it does seem to be sufficiently entrenched to offer food for thought and, perhaps, occasion for worry.

This much can be said for the star system as it exists in Canadian radio: most of our stars have won their positions honestly; they have reached stellar rank by reason of talent, good luck, and hard work. So far as one can find out there have been few cases of log-rolling or nepotism. This also can be said: the frequent appearance of stars whose elevation to the firmament has been honestly achieved assures us, as listeners, of many good programs. Finally, it must be admitted that a few of these workers are so extraordinarily good, so unique in their abilities, that no one in the country can substitute for them on the same level. Examples of this class are the actor John Drainie and the harpsichordist Greta Kraus. Miss Kraus, it should be noted, is not heard nearly as often as she deserves to be.

On the other hand, however, are we not hearing rather too much of performers who are not only replaceable but whose systematic replacement would be to the listener's advantage? A case in point is the folk-singer Ed McCurdy. I have nothing against either Mr. McCurdy or his work—he is, in my opinion, a fair but somewhat limited singer of folk songs. But we have been hearing him, the last year or so, two or even three times a week, and on both networks. At the moment, while his actual singing is limited to one fifteen minute period Fridays on T-C, he has cropped up as a disc jockey with a half-hour on Sunday afternoons.

Many unfortunate results can arise from such a situation: I shall mention two, the first with especial reference to Mr. McCurdy. Perhaps because of so many appearances, perhaps even from feeling that he is now a star and a big shot, his work has become steadily smoother and slicker. It is now, many opinions agree, just about as far from authentic folk singing as it well can get.

The second result is unfortunate both for the listening public and for other folk singers. The mere presence of such a star on the CBC roster, even if he be nominally a free-lance, paid only on a "per occasion" basis, is an automatic deterrent when other aspirants for this kind of work come forward. What use, for example, for Merrick Jarrett or Wade Hemsworth to go asking for work? "Phooey" says

the responsible authority, if not actually, then in his mind. "Folk singers! Whadda we want with folk singers? We got Ed McCurdy." And yet both of these gentlemen are entitled to a hearing—they have as much to offer in their own way as Mr. McCurdy has in his.

Take another field, then, if you think I'm being too hard on Ed McCurdy. Consider the singular case of the CBC's number one storyteller for children, Miss Mary Grannan, who perpetrates the Maggie Muggins series and other tall tales for tots. To me, and to many other adult opinions, these stories seem to be, and have always seemed especially in the manner of their delivery, forced, phoney, and altogether horrible. Yet they are thrust upon us twice a week or oftener. There may be some slight excuse, in that "Just Mary's" stories are apparently popular with children. But the Corporation has another spinner of children's yarns—The Sleepy Time Story Teller—whose work is head and shoulders above Miss Grannan's. Mr. Chapman tells mostly the old reliable, the good standard stories for children; tells them with simplicity, sincerity, and a quiet whimsy which makes them delightful to children and adults alike. And yet his series, (perhaps because it originates way down in New Brunswick while Miss Grannan is right in the same city with the National Program Office) is heard only once a week, as against "Just Mary's" much more frequent appearances. And there used to be an excellent series, given by the librarians of Boys and Girls House in the Toronto Public Library, which has disappeared entirely.

One could cite many more examples — as the recent production, within eight days, of no less than three plays by Lister Sinclair. No one is more eager than I to acknowledge the great work which Mr. Sinclair has done and is doing for Canadian radio, but the old "When in Rome—" adage should not be followed too closely in that "Hogtown" which we all love. Mr. Sinclair's take, from the CBC alone, counting performance fee for three shows, director's fee for one, and his appearance on Critically Speaking, must have been very close to a thousand dollars for those eight days.

There are other writers—perhaps not as good, but good enough—who are almost starving, and as the system is at present developing they have less and less chance to be heard.

Further straws indicating a steady setting of the wind toward the stars are the recently inaugurated Sunday night show *Startime*—surely as undistinguished a musical melange as the CBC has ever foisted upon us—and the disappearance from Trans-Canada of the afternoon recital period. This last was most emphatically a step in the wrong direction, for with that period went the Corporation's only effort, and that a small fifteen minute one, to provide good live music in the afternoon. With it, too, went a good deal of its effort to offer a little money and a chance to be heard to our young musicians.

Please, Mr. Bushnell, can't we have this period back, half an hour long instead of fifteen minutes, one day a week assigned to each of Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver? On each of these days let one young musician, or a pair—pianist, singer, violinist, flautist, or whatever the regional producers can turn up—give us the best music which he or she or they can make. Not all of this music will be good, but a great deal of it will, and as time goes on it will get better. And if you should have to drop *Startime* to pay for it, don't hesitate.

And finally, as one of the CBC's own critics was asking not so long ago, what has become of the originality and verve, the enthusiastic and experimental spirit which used to enliven our airwaves? What has happened to the minds which could create, and to the other minds which could accept and produce, things like Fletcher Markle's *Brainstorm*, Sinclair's

A Play on Words, and Peterson's *Burlap Bags*? So far as I have been able to hear, and with the single exception (from Toronto) of Max Ferguson's (Rawhide) occasional flashes of zany genius, the only production point which retains even a vestige of that daring spirit, that ability to think and create outside the established frame, is Vancouver. Thence proceeds, now and then, a trickle of real originality; for the rest, "The sere and yellow days have come."

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► THE CAREER OF HUEY LONG has fascinated more than one American novelist: John Dos Passos, Adria Locke Langley, and latterly, Robert Penn Warren, whose *All the King's Men* won the Pulitzer prize. Offhand you'd have said that of the three the Langley novel, *A Lion Is In the Streets*, was a natural for Hollywood—simple, badly written, and full of homely backwoods human interest. Oddly enough, however, the Pulitzer prize winner was chosen for screen interpretation; it is a considerable novel, and has made a considerable film.

Penn Warren, who taught in the State University under Long's administration, was particularly and peculiarly concerned with the problem of power and its corrosive effect, not only on the man who wields the power and the little men oppressed by him, but on those who for their own often creditable purposes collaborate with such a dictator. With some force he makes clear the impossibility of fixing guilt or responsibility on any one man's shoulders, and demonstrates how the whole fabric of any society is interpenetrated by the good, evil, careless, and responsible actions of its individual members, and its soundness determined by the extent to which the seizure of absolute power by any one man is opposed by the citizens in general. The total effect of the novel was to emphasize the extreme importance, and ultimate impossibility, of maintaining individual integrity on all fronts.

This is a pretty complicated thesis for Hollywood to put across, and it is remarkable that the producers were allowed to succeed as far as they did. Even so, there is a shadow of suspicion of special pleading over any movie, implicit in its immediate origin, which does not taint our reading of novels. It is hard not to mislike the relish with which the film debunks a people's hero, its gusto in cutting Willie Stark down to size, even though we know that Long was almost certainly one of the worst dictators the United States has ever seen.

On the screen, Willie Stark, the hero, traces his meteoric rise from backwoods farmer to country lawyer to State governor with a speed that may make your head swim. His character deteriorates in direct ratio to the amount of power he wields, and at the same headlong speed. The painstaking and multitudinous detail of the novel has been compressed into a kind of visual shorthand that may not be too clear unless we are watching very intently; and the hammer-and-tongs action obscures a little the disintegration of Willie's character. The Willie of the film learns too quickly not only the tactics but the point of view of his opponents; even the opening scenes plant in our minds his resemblance to Tiny Duffy, the small-town, small-time politician, and as the picture goes on the too heavy irony of Duffy's subjection to Willie underlines the kinship. Then again, too few of Willie's early political speeches have been used; too much is made of the clash of personalities, and too little of the political manoeuvres which were as important a part of Willie's talents as his Bible-thumping and blackmail. What emerges,

on the whole, from the film is a picture of a big-time racketeer rather than the demagogue of the novel; Willie Stark has been reduced to the level of a thug.

Jack Burden, too, suffers the usual fate of a man whose action is too much impeded by thought, when he is transferred to the screen; his interior cerebral struggles and self-debating, so important in the novel, are translated by a silent young man in what looks like a prolonged fit of the sulks. His importance, except as narrator, is not demonstrated, nor is it clear why Willie himself treasured the boy. On the other hand, the women in the film are well-handled and ruthlessly subordinated, without being in the least diminished as people. That is, they play their decisive roles only in the peripheral action; to Willie himself, and in the development of Willie's character, they are practically negligible.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the subtle and not-so-subtle distortions of the film, comparatively minor mayhem has been committed against Penn Warren's novel; and *All the King's Men* is a striking and impressive film. It has the immediacy, and the transient quality, too, of a good news-reel; it has both style and economy; not an inch of film is wasted. Its action is swift and violent, but the remembrance of Huey Long's actual career prevents us from dismissing it as improbable melodrama; and the analysis of Willie Stark, oversimplified as it is, sends us back to the consideration of the human mind and its curious and fatal susceptibility to the idea of power.

On Canadian Poets

In Canada where only echoes speak
Men honor well the literary clique,
Who ape the thought traditional and true
Called forth by circumstance they never knew,
And still preserve the safe and sure tradition
Of saying only what is repetition.

In book-travail among the alien corn
Our first great sons of poetry were born;
First Roberts followed Wordsworth's nature car
As Peter followed Jesus—from afar;
The ghost of Shelley's skylark, long since drowned,
In Carman's airs beat feebler wings of sound;
Oft from the worked-out ore of John Keats' claim
Late Lampman toiled to mine a golden fame;
Slim Pickthall's bee in twilight sucked its sweets
From the lush, dreamland flowers of youthful Yeats;
A Boston background made our Cameron bold
To serve up Swinburne only slightly cold.

So then it was: so yet it is. Of late
The fashion's changed, but still we imitate,
And throng to join the long processional
Of those who dance to tunes that others call.
Indeed with little effort one is able
To pin each poet with a foreign label:
Dot Livesay slides in early Auden's slot;
Smith's glassy shadows are our Eliot;
While P. K. Page and Patrick Anderson
Are donnish wits who ape the witty Donne;
Sweet Sheard and romantic Bourinot
Embroider topics threadbare long ago;
And Edna Jaques would wear the homespun vest
That graced the throbbing heart of Edgar Guest;
Earl Birney's David promised native feat
Until his muse turned Anglo-Saxon street;
An exception to the rule, of course, is Pratt
(A Newfoundland, that's the cue to that.)

Eager to clothe our nakedness we prize
Our neighbor's cloaks, regardless of their size,
And find too late what suits them well, on us
Appears inane, or else ridiculous.
O Canadians, when will the truth be known,
No other coat can fit us save our own,
Tailored by Time's needle, measured by Need's tape,
Ten cloths stitched into one coherent shape?
In work that serves our most immediate needs
Be words our binding thread as well as deeds.

Fred Cogswell.

Discovery

Red! blue white! yellow (
 a square? of jiggling colors
 against a sand sidewalk, cloth?
 Patches, of kids! building roller coasters
 Out of soap boxes . . .
) Yellow blue white red, and rusty
 Heads, and flesh colors
 busily shifting, in shirts, red white and yellow
 tucked in or out at belts
 And legs, blue pants, navy and dark oxford
 and/or the pile of pale banana boxes
 Against a brick wall.

Louis Dudek.

After

With the sun's kiss to warm
My body there,
And the wind's cool charm
To finger my hair,
Still shall I lie
And covet no lass—
Sky-loved . . . when I
Am sand and grass.

Fred Cogswell.

Etching

Winter, false mourner
at Autumn's funeral,
heaped frost-flowers
on the naked pall.

With a white shroud
she hid the stain
where her white dagger
had lately slain

the sister season
whose jewels red
and far-flung lands
she coveted.

Fred Cogswell.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: It is interesting to read your summary of the results of the recent Toronto plebiscite on the question of Sunday commercialized sports, in the February issue. We would agree with some of your conclusions, and their implications, to our own profit.

It was unfortunate that the issues of the plebiscite were greatly confused by the insistence of advocates of Sunday sports that the restrictions of the ancient pre-Confederation

Sunday law prevailed in this province. As a matter of fact that old law was repealed by the Federal Parliament in June 1948, at the request of the Ontario Government. The practical result of that propaganda was to persuade many that Sunday restrictions were much stricter than is now the case.

With the Lord's Day Act of Canada now the only law regulating Sunday observance in this province there is no such ban on non-commercial personal or group recreation as existed previously. Lawn tennis, skating, skiing, baseball, football, hockey, etc., are now on the same footing as golf. That is to say sports participated in for recreation, without being promoted as a business, are not now prohibited by law in Ontario. The City of Toronto is free to amend their parks regulations to meet the changed legal status of recreational sport on Sundays, without waiting for further amendments to federal or provincial law. In any event, changes in those civic regulations would be necessary no matter what legal changes may now be made by the Ontario Legislature, before Toronto citizens could use municipal parks and playgrounds for organized Sunday sport.

It should be remembered also that the primary purpose of the Lord's Day Act is to eliminate all unnecessary business on Sundays, and so provide citizens with a worth while weekly day of rest. Commercial sport opens the door to increased Sunday employment, and probably for increasing employment on that day if other amendments should follow. The Christian Churches, in urging the people to vote "No" were giving consideration to these basic needs of human welfare, as well as opportunities for Divine worship and culture.

George G. Webber, General Secretary,
The Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► TO SAY THAT MOST *Forum* readers will come to this book* without any prejudice in its favor is to put it mildly. Like most other Canadians, they have been nourished on what Professor Creighton calls "the Grit version of Canadian history," "the folk-lore of the Liberal party," in which Arthur Meighen is the devil incarnate. The scourge of the Liberal party he undoubtedly was. But that is not quite the same thing, and this book shows that he was very much more.

For one thing, nothing like all the speeches are controversial, and even some of those that are have little or no relation to party politics. This applies to "The Panama Tolls," "Canada's Natural Resources," "Liberty and Law," "Church Union," "Isolationist Neutrality," "The Defence of Canada," "Unified Management of Railways;" to the tributes to d'Arcy McGee, Sir John Abbott and Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Charles Murphy and various minor personalities; to the great oration on Shakespeare. Meighen is "a first-class fighting man," but not all his shafts have been directed at his political enemies, nor does Achilles always bend his bow. The speech on church union, for example, deals with a subject which was certainly fiercely controversial in its day. But it is a profound essay in political theory, not unlike the early Laski at his best; and, though it is instinct with deep conviction, it exhibits a restraint and moderation very different from the common notion of Meighen's style.

Moreover, even the speeches delivered in the heat of party battles are always concerned with something more enduring than momentary party advantage: with freedom, with the principles of parliamentary government, with the

British Commonwealth. In these three Meighen believes with his whole soul; these three are his central themes.

Because he believed in freedom, and the defence of freedom against external enemies, he fought for conscription in both wars, when he was convinced that the voluntary system would no longer serve. The speech on conscription in 1917 lost him the election of 1925, when he swept English-speaking Canada as few leaders ever did in peace-time, before or since. At the outset of the second war, he explicitly recognized the paramount importance of unity, if it could be secured without imperilling the national safety. But when it became clear that once again the voluntary system was breaking down, once again he called for the only measure which in his judgment, could bring victory. National unity was important; freedom was essential.

But it was not only when the storm had burst that he summoned his countrymen to exert their utmost effort to meet it. Like Churchill, he foresaw its coming; like Churchill, he warned us; like Churchill, he besought us to prepare; like Churchill, he spoke in vain. The speeches on isolationist neutrality and the defence of Canada, as powerful and as eloquent as any of our time, fell on deaf ears. But history has vindicated the judgment of the man who made them. When most of us were blind, he saw clearly.

It is not only against external enemies, however, that freedom must be defended. Hence the attack on the CBC for refusing to broadcast his speech at the 1942 convention. Hence also the philippic against socialism, and parts of some other speeches. The speech on socialism is pretty much a Canadian version of Hayek, and open to much the same answers. There is no mistaking its sincerity: like all the other controversial speeches, it comes hot from the fires of passionate conviction. But it will win few converts.

Quite other are the speeches in defence of parliamentary government, the best and most important in the book. Against recalcitrant witnesses; against obstructive minorities; against a Prime Minister trying to persuade Parliament that ratification of a specific contract is no more than the assertion of a vague abstract principle; against a Government seeking by an abrupt dissolution to "withdraw from the cognizance of the people's representatives the great cause pending between Ministers and their accusers"; against the sophistry which made the whole of responsible government hang on whether a Minister received a salary; against the stupidity, or worse, which could see no difference between a plebiscite and a general election; against the flagrant defiance of parliamentary rights in the Mobilization Act; against all these Meighen fought with incomparable brilliance, unrivalled knowledge of constitutional principles and practice, and utter disregard of his own political fortunes.

The third great theme is the British Commonwealth. For that miracle of history Meighen has no apologies to offer. To the younger generation, it will perhaps come as a surprise to learn that the modern Commonwealth is not the creation of Mr. Mackenzie King. But before Mr. King took office as Prime Minister, and ten years before the Statute of Westminster, Meighen defined the Commonwealth in these terms: "We legislate each for ourselves unfettered; we advise through separate Councils a common Sovereign; we confer together in order better to understand the wider overriding common interest; we find that between a sense of independence and a sense of unity there is no clash, but harmony." From that conception of the Commonwealth he has never varied.

Meighen has been called a "reactionary." A Conservative he most certainly is. But a "reactionary" would hardly say: "Next to the safety of the nation, the main objective of legislation must be to help those who need help most, to give

*Unrevised and Unrepented; Arthur Meighen; Clarke, Irwin; pp. xiii, 470; \$5.00.

opportunity to the unadvantaged, to encourage and assist those who are down to rise." Nor would a "reactionary" declare: "The State, by higher training, can develop leaders . . . It can help with special generosity those who specially help themselves, those who by extraordinary effort demonstrate that they have capacity and will to get to the front . . . Our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes are all but free. We are rightly generous with them. We ought also to be more generous than we are to many of our people who, because of disability, are handicapped in life." Those who fling this epithet at Meighen may be surprised to find among the "unrevised and unrepented" speeches this passage: "Our invaluable water-powers . . . should be to the utmost possible extent not only state-owned and controlled, but state-developed and operated . . . In the evolution of industry the tendency is, in some spheres at least, for units to collect and grow larger and larger, ultimately maturing by slow degrees into a single unit and into state proprietorship and operation." Some have perhaps forgotten that he supported and defended the Bennett New Deal Acts as "enlightened, . . . sound and timely . . . a beacon light to guide our footsteps in years to come," and "lamented" the adverse decision of the Privy Council "which maims and paralyzes our country's powers as a nation."

Mr. King led the nation for over twenty-one years, Meighen for less than twenty-one months. To adapt some phrases of Mr. Churchill's, he was a Prime Minister for hardly more than a single session, a leader without power, a victor without the spoils. With the splendid gifts this book discloses, why did his political career suffer eclipse at high noon? Part of the answer is that he is out of tune with "the spirit of the age." Part of it is in the character of his successful rival. Part of it is to be found in a revealing passage in the farewell tribute to Mr. Bennett: "There are times when no Prime Minister can be true to his trust to the nation he has sworn to serve, save at the temporary sacrifice of the party he is appointed to lead . . . If anyone tells me that fidelity to party and fidelity to country are always compatible . . . then I tell him that he loves applause far more than he loves truth." That is Meighen's creed. He lived it, and it was his political destruction. But

"Not on the vulgar mass,

Called work shall sentence pass."

There are worse things than defeat; there is "something better than an ambition to be re-elected." The limpet is not the highest form of life, even in politics. In this book is neither self-laudation nor self-pity; just a great man, speaking to his countrymen in superb English the truth that is in him, asking nothing except a fair verdict on the evidence. That verdict Meighen's friends are confident history will not withhold.

EUGENE FORSEY



THE GRANDMOTHERS: Kathleen Coburn; Oxford University Press; pp. 233; \$3.00.

Kathleen Coburn has written a thoroughly delightful book designed to give Canadians a sense of the richness of their heritage. *The Grandmothers* is the story of Ruth's Canadian "Gran" and her husband Jenda's Czechoslovakian "Babicka." Gran, an Irish Methodist, lived her life on the pioneer farms of Upper Canada and in the Toronto of the turn of the century. Babicka, daughter of a Jewish father but raised as a Roman Catholic, lived first on a Bohemian

farm and then kept a small shop in the coal-mining town of Rebec. Though separated by thousands of miles in space, and by differing circumstances and customs, the two were strangely similar. Around those similarities—and those differences—Miss Coburn has woven her story.

Married to a blind evangelist who had little money sense, Mary Ann had to raise and educate her family, while acting as eyes and hands for her husband. Widowed while she was still young, Anca Marenka not only raised her family but became counsellor and friend to the whole village. Both met all difficulties with courage, insight, and humor; and in both the heroic was tempered by the human.

From these two lives Miss Coburn has created a book interesting in design and rich in sensitive detail. Beginning with Ruth's and Jenda's recollections of their grandparents, the story then slips back to 1851, the year of their birth. In parallel chapters, shifting from Upper Canada to Bohemia, from Huron County to Rebec, from Lidice to Toronto, the lives of these two remarkable women take shape through vivid and revealing incidents. The chapters are linked by short interludes of poetic prose, underlining the similarity in differences, and linking the human lives to the forces of nature from which they drew their strength. This feeling of the interaction between nature and human life is further heightened by the exquisite black-and-white sketches of John Hall which head each section.

The book is so beautifully conceived that there is very little to criticize. It is hardly a criticism to say that Gran comes to life more convincingly than Babicka—that is only to be expected. And it is probably more of a compliment than a criticism to say that I found myself wishing that the whole book had been given over to Gran, so that we might have had that much more of her.

Edith Fowke.

CONTROLLING FACTORS IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT: Harold G. Moulton; The Brookings Institution (Washington, D.C.); pp. 397; \$5.25.

Ever since the days of Malthus, the classic economist's defence of capitalism and of the social inequality with which it has been associated has centred round the idea that the limitations of natural resources, weighed against the steady growth of population, will always prevent the emergence of a society in which there is abundance for all.

Apart from Kropotkin, whose *Conquest of Bread*, now somewhat outdated by changing circumstances, showed that it was the method of distribution rather than the potentialities of human invention and natural resources that was at fault, few of the critics of capitalism have devoted adequate attention to this problem.

In our own day, however, the rapid technical developments in industry, and the fields of extension which seem to open themselves once restrictive practices are removed, have steadily cut the ground away from under the feet of the classic economists, and we are now faced with economists who support capitalism and who at the same time admit the possibility of abundance for all, provided production and distribution are organized in the right way. An article by Professor Schlichter of Harvard in the November, 1949, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* prophesies a vast reduction in work hours, coupled with a great increase in productivity during the forthcoming years, while in the book under review Mr. Harold G. Moulton conducts a more elaborate study of the dynamic factors in economic development, and finds that:

"The factors of decisive importance in our future economic growth appear to be not the adequacy of natural resources, or the availability of scientific and inventive genius, but rather the inherent difficulties involved in the over-all

operation and management of the complex business, economic, and political system of the modern world."

This, of course, is precisely what the critics of capitalism have been saying for the past century, and the fact remains that this system, as it exists today, still constitutes the major stumbling block to an adequate utilization of production potentialities. Mr. Moulton conducts a subtle defence of a modified capitalism, retaining the competitive spirit, but he does not dispel in any way the criticism that profit and not social usefulness is the private owner's justification for production.

Nevertheless, although Mr. Moulton does not succeed in destroying the case against private control of production, he does make a number of valid criticisms of socialism as it has so far appeared in action in various parts of the world, and socialist readers will be well advised not to ignore these merely because they are made by an opponent. They spring in large part from the undoubted fact that a wholly satisfactory means has not yet been evolved in large-scale practice by which common ownership becomes sufficiently resilient to admit of the socially useful development of individual initiative.

George Woodcock.

THE LABOR STORY: Aleine Austin; Longmans, Green & Co. (Coward-McCann, Inc.); pp. x, 244; \$3.25.

Because of the different economic and social conditions under which workers in America had to organize themselves, the story of labor in America is unique in many ways. It is a story involving rugged individualism at its peak, violent, bloody, and unreasoning; it is a story of great and tender-hearted leaders—often as ruggedly individualistic as the industrialists they fought. And it is a story made humorous in spite of everything by the variety of theories and crackpot theorists which labor in America managed to bring forth. Such is *The Labor Story* that Aleine Austin presents in a treatment of the subject as fresh and pleasing as anything we have seen to date. Her book—subtitled "A Popular History of American Labor, 1786-1949"—records labor's uphill battle from the first organized strike of New York printers in 1786 to the current struggle over the Taft-Hartley Act.

The Labor Story contains an index and a bibliography, but it can hardly be recommended as a reference work. Miss Austin fails continually to document her statements, purposely, we suspect, on the sound assumption that nothing would so annoy the general reader as frequent footnotes and references to the bibliography.

J.L.H.

SPANISH DRAWINGS, XV-XIX CENTURIES: Macmillan; pp. 100; \$3.50.

VENETIAN DRAWINGS, XIV-XVII CENTURIES: Macmillan; pp. 98; \$3.50.

FLEMING DRAWINGS, XIV-XVI CENTURIES: Macmillan; pp. 100; \$3.50.

Each of the above books comprises about sixteen pages of introductory text tracing the historical development of a school, brief biographical notices on the artists and, as the main dish, approximately eighty two-tone reproductions. The publisher's objective is good, for an anthology of illustrations at reasonable cost can do much to widen interest in drawings and the history of art in general. These three volumes will have much less than maximum effectiveness however, because of regrettable limitations.

The novice in appreciating drawings will be deprived of much enjoyment by reproductions whose fuzziness has destroyed the life of the originals. He will be grossly misled by the colours which are untrue; and confused when he finds details from the same drawing are reproduced without reference to each other, now in green, now in hot pink. Trans-

lators have left the texts with awkward and even unintelligible statements while the lack of references to the plates has made the full use of the books unnecessarily difficult.

Furthermore he is given a selection of drawings less comprehensive and more uneven in quality than it might have been. One would gladly exchange some of the nine by Jacopo Bellini for examples by Pisanello and Mantegna who are omitted entirely. In the Flemish group an acknowledged masterpiece like the silver point drawing of Cardinal Alberghi by Jan Van Eyck does not appear but a whole plate is devoted to a detail from *The Adoration of the Magi* by Mabuse that seems to have been chosen deliberately to show how poor a draughtsman he could be. Any further volumes in the series will be prepared and presented, it is to be hoped, with the care and consideration that both the material and the reader deserve.

Sydney Key.

AN ACRE IN THE SEED: Theodore Spencer; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 68; \$3.35.

Theodore Spencer's final volume of verse contains sixty-six poems, of six lines each; a series of slightly diffuse epigrams. For all their neatness, lucidity and wit, only a few poems stand out as particularly appealing or final, but the total effect of the volume is quite charming.

M. W.

AFTER THE BOMBING AND OTHER SHORT POEMS: Edmund Blunden; Macmillan; pp. 51; \$1.35.

A new collection of poems by a poet of Mr. Edmund Blunden's reputation and achievement can hardly be reviewed; the usual phrases of admiration and admonition would be quite inappropriate; but it should be taken as an opportunity to pay homage to a poet who has steadily pursued his own vision through all vicissitudes of taste, and made by his constancy a splendid and individual contribution to English poetry.

It would be interesting to speculate on the effect on a poet's reputation of popular anthologies. The editors, understandably determined to make their compilations sell, invariably select those poems which are already held in esteem. They serve to make the poet better known but they also exaggerate, to the exclusion of all others, a single aspect of his genius. An erroneous impression thus becomes settled in the popular imagination and is confirmed by each new anthology. W. B. Yeats is the author of *Sailing to Byzantium* and other poems; Walter de la Mare of *The Listeners* and other poems; and Edmund Blunden of *Almswomen* and other poems. It has long since been settled in this wise that Mr. Blunden was, is, and shall be only a pastoral poet. Mr. Richard Church did something to correct this impression by including in a recent anthology the two remarkable poems *In Wiltshire* and *The Midnight Skaters*; but anyone who turns to Mr. Blunden's collected poems or to this new and most welcome volume may himself quickly and radically correct it. Mr. Blunden has a range and power far beyond what the anthologies would suggest. He does play the shepherd's pipes and this gift alone, so brilliantly exercised, would give him a high place in English poetry; but there are in his best poems, and some of these are in this new collection, wise and passionate strains that no pipes could compass.

Douglas Grant

THE MAKING AND MEANING OF WORDS: G. H. Vallins; Macmillan (Black); pp. 216; \$2.00.

THE NATURE AND TECHNIQUE OF UNDERSTANDING: Hugh Woodworth; Wrigley Printing Co. (Vancouver); pp. 142; \$4.00.

To anyone with a realization of what a poor medium speech is for the precise and unambiguous transfer of intelligence, the books above will prove of interest.

Mr. Vallins covers much of the same ground as Trench did in his two classics, and a lot more besides. It is a good treatise on the origin and growth of English and the influences at work which make it a "living" language. Though it is discouraging to find the large number of words which have completely changed their meaning with the years; enough confusion exists without such turncoats.

Mr. Woodworth's book requires considerable concentration to grasp but is an important contribution to the science. To deal with it critically would require considerable space and would probably be of interest only to the specialist. I might mention one point, though, to indicate its contents, wherein it requires several pages to explain in English the ramifications of a simple mathematical formula for Ohm's law, an explanation which even then would only be completely understood by readers who had worked with electricity.

John A. Dewar

FREDERIC CHOPIN 1810-1849: Edited by Stephen P. Mizwa; Macmillan; pp. 108; \$4.00.

Centennial volumes are generally a haphazard collection of tributes, factual summaries, and illustrations, and this Chopin volume is true to type. Moreover, being published under the auspices of the Kosciuszko foundation, it treats Chopin primarily as a Polish nationalist and pays joint tribute to both composer and country. More interesting than the articles are the comments on music which have been extracted from Chopin's letters to Delfina Potocka. Although his criticism of other composers and his generalizations about music seem routine enough, he has a number of interesting things to say about his own methods of composing. Thirty or so reproductions of portraits and manuscripts add to the interest of the volume.

M.W.

LEAP TO FREEDOM: Oksana Kasenkina; Longmans Green (Lippincott); pp. 295; \$4.25.

The story of the Russian school teacher who jumped from a window in the New York Soviet consulate is well known to newspaper readers. What prompted her to such desperate action is herein laid out. It is a moving story, simply and well told.

Mrs. Kasenkina starts with her childhood under the Czar (which in retrospect and after her sufferings under the Soviet seemed like paradise) and describes her life in detail from then until her recovery in hospital. It is worth a dozen economic texts for a real grasp of what life in the totalitarian state can be. If you have any friends who still have a lingering attachment for the "great socialist fatherland" give them this book—that is if they will read it.

John A. Dewar

JOHN RUSKIN: Peter Quennell; Macmillan; pp. 289; \$5.25.

The rehabilitation of the jaded reputations of great literary figures involves more than the frequent criticism of their works. Their characters must also be publicly "white-washed". The recent literature on Alexander Pope is but one example of this curious human liking to closely tie together genius and morality. John Ruskin's reputation was sunk shortly after his death but it was obvious that the author of *Modern Painters* and *Præterita*, works in which intelligence and intuition are matched to a glorious harmony of prose, would not remain for ever in eclipse. His rehabilitation was proceeding apace—whitewash was heavily indented for—but was unexpectedly checked by the recent publication of his correspondence with Effie Gray. "Startling" is a weak word to describe the volley of disconcerting light struck out by those letters. It appeared inevitable that

the whole process must be set back at least a decade by their appearance.

At this point, Mr. Peter Quennell, a practised and admirable biographer, has come forward with a new life. It must be said at once, that it is a brilliant performance. Narrative skill, perception, style, and, a rare quality today, good taste, are combined in a work which, until we know more about Ruskin's own attitude to his disastrous marriage, will remain the best introduction to its remarkable subject. But it is not—and perhaps no single work could be—exhaustive. The character of the "prophet" is fully analysed but his utterances are not, and a companion work—though it may be difficult to imagine a "companion" as brilliantly executed as this—must be forthcoming before John Ruskin can be placed in his proper perspective.

Douglas Grant

THE DARK FOREST: Hugh Walpole; Clarke, Irwin; pp. vii, 272; \$1.50.

This novel was first published in 1916, after the author had spent some months with the Russian army in the first World War; it is written in the first person and attempts, as he remarks in his preface, to convey "the truth about war . . . that the imminence, the commonness, of Death alters all your customary values of Life."

Mr. Walpole is himself of the opinion that he succeeded; I can only report that I have tried four times to read it and found it quite impenetrable; it reads like a period piece written with a dull pencil. Mr. Walpole is at home in England, and can write quite acceptable light novels or historical romances that serve to pass the time; his ambition does him credit, but he has not the calibre to invest his characters with anything more than a kind of trivial pathos.

D.H.M.

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MEN OF THE MOUNTED: Nora Kelly; Dent; pp. 398; \$5.25.

One would expect the wife of a Mountie to be a bit biased when dealing with the exploits of the force but personally I would prefer a book which hadn't been passed on by the Commissioner as "correctly presented from the point of view of the Mounted Police." Anyway, Mrs. Kelly has produced a readable and often witty history of the RCMP from its inception in 1873 to the present. Canada's "chief claim to fame" may be glamorous when rounding up murderous tribes of Indians single-handed; but the activities of the Mounties as plain-clothes spies and provocateurs lack the same derring-do. And, of course, the government has always acted the cad: to show their appreciation to the men who saved the West they knocked their wages down from 75 to 50 cents a day, refused to give them medals for their part in the Northwest Rebellion and made them sleep on hard boards.

John A. Dewar

BENEFITS FORGOT: G. B. Stern; Macmillan; pp. 276; \$4.50.

The publishers label *Benefits Forgot* as "autobiographical". It is not, however, an account of more or less external events as seen through the eyes of the author—not, that is, "autobiography," in the accepted sense.

Books read, music heard, observations made, acute, trivial, wise, about people or places encountered—all these have been gathered together and written about with great style and aplomb, and reveal a kind and civilized personality. Nothing could be further from genuine self-revelation; but the book is none the worse for its decent reticence. It is, in fact, a delightful volume of light essays for the literate reader.

D.H.M.

SAM HIGGINBOTTOM, FARMER: an autobiography; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 226; \$3.75.

In India, Mr. Higginbottom informs us, there is a religious sect which, "on the chance that God is not good but evil, sets aside one month of the year as a festival during which its members give way to orgies of debauchery and licentiousness."

The rest of Mr. Higginbottom's book, which is the autobiography of a Presbyterian missionary who spent the years 1904-1945 in India and who founded the Allahabad Agricultural Institute, is of less general interest, although Mr. Higginbottom's observations about Gandhi are informative if true.

Ellen Rogers

A BOOK OF SCOTLAND: G. R. Harvey; Macmillan; pp. 216; \$3.50.

Here is another book for lovers of Scotland. Mr. Harvey takes one on a journey through Scotland, speaking out of considerable knowledge and love of the country and its people. In his last chapter he makes a rapid tour of the arts in Scotland. If one wearies of the guidebook method and the rather sentimental manner, one turns with delight to the illustrations. These in numerous color plates and photographs, have been very wisely chosen, to show unique characteristics of the landscape and architecture. M.R.

THE TALKING TREE: Alice Curtis Desmond; Macmillan; pp. 177; \$3.25.

The Talking Tree is the story of a Tlingit Indian boy and how he becomes chief of his clan. Although the plot line comes straight from Horatio Alger, author Desmond has clothed it with a wealth of seemingly authentic Pacific Coast Indian detail. Her sympathetic approach to the Indian way of life is to be commended. To please the American 10-14 year olds at whom the story is aimed, the

Tlingits are described as an Alaskan tribe although the setting of most of the story alternates between northern British Columbia and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Ellen Rogers

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